

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

NO. 44.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:54 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
11:15 A. M. Daily.	
1:15 P. M. Daily.	
3:15 P. M. Daily.	
5:15 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	
SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
8:49 A. M. Daily.	
10:24 A. M. Sunday Only.	
11:15 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
5:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
8:59 P. M. Sundays Only.	
12:19 A. M. Sunday Only. (Theatre Train.)	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.	
ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:00	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

STR. CAROLINE. CAPT. LEALE. TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatoir, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.
Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.	
From the North.	A. M. P. M.
From the North.	9:40 3:00
From the South.	10:10 6:45

MAIL CLOSURES.	
No. 5, South.	8:30 a. m.
No. 14, North.	9:50 a. m.
No. 13, South.	2:30 p. m.
No. 6, North.	6:00 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.	

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.
Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m., at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.	
Geo. W. Phelps to Florentin Souza, lots 1 and 2, block 24, San Carlos.	\$ 1 00
Patrick W. Riordan, Archbishop, to Mary's Help Hospital, land in Menlo Park Park.	1 00
Simon Blum and Gabriel Blum to Mrs. Eva Blum, lots 5 and 6, block 28, Abbey Homestead.	5 00
A. P. Johnson and wife to Andrew Kronquist, lots 12 and 13, block 2, West Belmont.	500 00
Solomon Dukes and wife to J. W. Smith, lot 129, Visitation Valley Homestead.	10 00
James D. Byrnes and wife to Alvinza Hayward, 319 acres.	10 00

FEDERATION OF RAILWAY MEN.

Favored by Representatives of the Various Brotherhoods.

Indianapolis (Ind.)—A meeting of the representatives of the different railroad brotherhoods was held in this city to consider the advisability of a federation among the brotherhoods. There were present at the meeting P. M. Arthur, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; P. H. Morrissey, grand master of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; Frank P. Sargent, grand master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen; E. E. Clark, chief conductor of the Order of Railroad Conductors; J. R. T. Austin, grand secretary and treasurer of the Order of Railway Telegraphers; C. W. L. Brown, deputy grand chief of the same order, and other prominent men in railroad labor organizations. The result of the meeting was the adoption of the resolution favoring federation.

News of the great success of the University of Pennsylvania expedition to Babylon has been received. The most notable result of the excavations is that the history of Babylonian people as recorded in cuneiform writing on tablets is carried back at least 2,350 years further than yet known. There is now abundant written evidence that the Babylonian people existed and were civilized enough to be able to write at least 7000 years before Christ.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information from All Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Budget of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curtly Told in this Column.

Ranchers in the Fraser River Valley are talking of leaving their farms.

The Epworth League of Sonoma county had a good rally at Occidental.

A large number of students have applied for admission to Stanford University.

Judge Dorn has decided that the Salinas Common Council is entitled to hold office.

Sacramento's Grand Jury is to investigate the recent bridge deal made by the supervisors of that city.

An unusually large proportion of the new class at the State university are taking the mining college course.

Tacoma's financial affairs are such that there is a strong possibility of their going into the hands of a receiver.

Salinas will probably secure the largest beet sugar refinery in the world, as the necessary 2200 acres have been pledged.

Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald of San Francisco recommends that the Board of Health order a general cleanup of the grading camps.

Two men held an egg-eating contest in San Francisco. Brownley ate 60 and quit. Miller took in 66 and won the \$5 in 90 minutes.

Mrs. Knox Hill, of Fresno, distinguished herself at Santa Cruz by saving H. W. Pastelwhatie of Los Gatos, who was drowning in the surf.

The San Francisco Floating C. E. society has formed a branch on the war ship Oregon, and will have another on the gunboat Bennington.

In many vineyards in Fresno the Chinese laborers have been supplemented by Japanese. The latter are quicker workers and demand less pay.

Charles Lake, a rider in the Examiner-Journal relay race, fell from his wheel between Verdi and Reno and was unconscious about eight minutes.

The First Infantry, U. S. A., had seven squads out at Santa Cruz on various county roads in order to ascertain approaches to Santa Cruz and make camps of same.

The representatives of the Santa Ynez Valley Union High School have elected Professor W. S. Edwards of Lompoc principal. The school will be located at Santa Ynez.

The State school census of Oregon which has just been completed by Superintendent Irwin at Salem, shows that there are in Oregon at present 129,623 children of school age.

San Jose dairymen in replacing the slaughtered tuberculosis by cows, use the utmost caution, causing the animals to be tested for tuberculosis by their own agents before buying and again tested by the inspector after arrival upon their ranches.

There is a typhoid fever epidemic at the County Jail in Los Angeles, five persons being stricken down by the dread disease. Jailer Kennedy's daughter, the matron and three prisoners are the victims. Defective plumbing is said to have induced the illness.

The Rev. Father Altmicks died last week at the age of 67 years, at the Los Angeles house of the Franciscan fathers. After the tragical murder of Father Ferdinand by Bergmeyer of the Santa Barbara Mission last February, Father Servatius received the temporary appointment of Father Bernardin.

Fulton Shephard, a 17-year-old lad of Oakland, who goes on crutches, is the first one to receive a medal for valor from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He not only jumped in and rescued a 12-year-old boy from drowning but worked an hour in resuscitating him.

Hepburn & Terry of the Hotel Capitola, at Capitola, have filed a petition of insolvency with the largest list of liabilities ever filed in the county. Their liabilities are \$20,675, with no assets. Creditors are located in Santa Cruz, Capitola, San Francisco, San Jose, Los Angeles and other places.

The prospect for a big strike of petroleum near Livermore, has stirred up extraordinary excitement, and many enthusiastic townspeople are heading for the oil fields. The district now engaging the attention of the townspeople is in a direct line between the coal fields of Mt. Diablo and Corral Hollow.

The farmers of Fraser Valley, B. C., in convention have decided to urge on both the Provincial and Dominion Governments the necessity of permanent dykes and navigation improvement. A delegation will interview the officials. If nothing is done by the Governments all the farmers on low-lying ranches will abandon them for taxes.

The State Board of Health chemist has analyzed the cheap pineapple and lemon jellies in the San Francisco market. He finds not a trace of pine-

apple or lemon in them. Jellies made from decayed fruits are also in market, and he thinks marmalades and jams are adulterated. The city is urged to establish a laboratory where all goods may be analyzed.

Mayor William H. Carlson of San Diego, and Chief of Police J. W. Brenning, are at outs. The Mayor filed charges against the Chief, alleging in an affidavit that the Chief has been guilty of insubordination, neglect of duty, incompetency and general inefficiency. Brenning asserts that it is a personal fight of the Mayor to oust him from office.

To refute the statements of Eastern papers that lands in the Southern States were cheaper and more productive than those in California, the State Board of Trade at San Francisco will prepare a reply and circulate it throughout the East. To do this every county in the State is requested to furnish the Board with statistics of the price of their lands and the amount and character of their productions.

The Stoneman House, in Yosemite Valley, together with its entire contents, has been burned to the ground. Fortunately no one was injured, although there were a number of guests in the house at the time. The hotel was erected during the administration of Governor Stoneman, and was the result of public disapproval of extortionate practices of the private individuals who controlled the hotel privileges through the "farming" out methods then followed.

As a band of 125 cattle was being driven across the county bridge over the Merced river, about twelve miles south of Turlock, the bridge gave way and the greater number of the animals were dropped into the stream, falling a distance of about 100 feet. About a score of cattle had their legs broken and others were otherwise injured. A large number of them will have to be killed. A number are also thought to have been drowned. A section of the bridge was left standing in the middle and a dozen or so of the animals were left there.

The aluminum air ship to be built at San Francisco on Dr. C. A. Smith's model will be cigar-shaped, 60 feet long, 39 feet in diameter, with a bow 45 feet long, and a 15-foot projection from the stern. Hydrogen gas is to give it buoyancy, and an 8-horse power electric engine will drive it. The aluminum wings can be operated like those of a bird. It will be able to lift over 6000 pounds, all told. In coming to land it is to drop an anchor, to be hauled safely down.

Professor Wilkon discussed pruning of deciduous trees at the Farmers' Institute meeting in San Diego county. He said the short days and wet weather of winter made it too expensive to prune in winter, as formerly. Now the work should be done early and be over by November 15th. Pruners had better go slow if the trees are summer irrigated and vigorously growing, but if the leaves have turned it is safe. One prune-grower gets better fruit by allowing only a few limbs and letting them grow long, but local conditions may affect this practice.

A large piece of aluminum has been found at Burke's Sanitarium at Altruria, Sonoma county. It was found in the cinders of the furnace of the sanitarium, and had evidently been put into the furnace when the coal was shoveled into the heater. The piece found is about two inches in diameter, and no doubt came from the coal mine which is being worked there. Considerable importance is attached to the find, many think.

LATEST NEWS NOTES.

The dryhouse at the Miama Powder Works, five miles north of Xenia, O., blew up recently, shaking the country for miles around, killing Frank Eich, the powder boss, and Silas Figging, the engineer.

The Spanish Government having dropped the railway bill, the Liberals have agreed to stop all further opposition to the budget. The Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 186 to 34, adopted bills providing for the farming out of the tobacco monopoly and for leasing the Alameda quick silver mines.

The water rates fixed by the city of San Jacinto, under the new municipal water system, are as follows: For single family and not more than two animals per month, \$1; each additional animal, 15 cents; hotel or boarding house, \$2; livery barn or stable, \$2; store or office, 50 cents; lawns not exceeding in dimensions 450 feet by 50 feet, 25 cents; lawns exceeding in dimensions 50 feet by 50, 50 by 150 feet, 50 cents.

Two immense oil tanks, each with a capacity of 199,000 gallons, have been placed in the west end of the Southern Pacific yards, at Los Angeles, and the task of filling the great containers has been begun. The oil is forced into these tanks by an air pressure. Passenger switch engine No. 1,047 will be the first locomotive to take oil from the tanks, and all the other engines will shortly be turned into oil burners.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country.

SPOKEN OF IN THIS COLUMN.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest our Readers Both Old and Young.

It is announced that arrangements have been perfected for William J. Bryan to address the labor assemblies of Chicago on Labor day, September 7th.

The Canadian yacht Canada defeated the challenge Venedor and won the International race at Toledo recently. The defender won by 28 seconds, time allowance.

The body of Bill Doolin, outlaw and highwayman, on whose head were Government rewards aggregating \$6,000, lies in a rough casket at Rhodes' establishment in Guthrie, O. T.

The Linthicum Carriage Company, of Defiance, O., incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000, and one of the largest carriage manufacturers in Northwestern Ohio, has failed.

The President has appointed Levi T. Griffin of Detroit pension agent at Detroit, vice Harrison H. Wheeler, deceased. Mr. Griffin was a member of the Fifty-third Congress and was at one time a partner of Don M. Dickinson.

Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs Smith has awarded the contracts for erecting school buildings at the Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies to Owen & Hill of Minneapolis, Minn., at \$46,525 for Rosebud and \$44,766 for Pine Ridge.

The Civil Service Commission has issued an order to Federal office-holders warning all employees against seeking or making contributions for campaign purposes. The order embraces all branches of the government service. The violators will be prosecuted.

The Western roads are falling out over the Grand Army business to St. Paul. There is not much cutting of the rate proper, but many of the roads are carrying department commanders and their staffs for nothing and issuing free transportation in other cases.

It is reported that the town of Ontonagon, Mich., has been totally destroyed by the advancing forest fires, which have surrounded the village. The loss amounts to \$1,500,000 and it is feared that several lives have been sacrificed. The town had a population of 2000.

Near Guthrie, Okl., stage robbers shot a woman because she would not give up her jewels when so ordered. Four masked men held up the stage and secured \$800. The woman who was shot was known to her fellow passengers as Mrs. Raymond Reemes of Philadelphia.

The stage-coach between Grande and Arapahoe, in Day county, was held up by four highwaymen recently and the four occupants ordered to stand and deliver. Mrs. Amy Childs of Philadelphia refused to alight and was shot dead. The robbers secured over \$300 in booty from the three other passengers and escaped.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Harry Payne Whitney, son of William C. Whitney, were married August 25th at Newport, R. I. The father of the groom presented the couple with several hundred acres of land, at one of the principal summer resorts of Massachusetts, on which he will erect a handsome summer residence.

The Bank of Weymore, Beatrice, Neb., has closed its doors. No statement of assets or liabilities is obtainable. It was one of the depositories for Gage county. Six thousand dollars are on deposit, amply protected by \$86,000 in bonds. No run was made on the bank, the Directors deeming it advisable to close on account of the slow collections and inability to renew loans.

The old house at West Brownsville, Pa., in which James G. Blaine was born and spent his boyhood, has been torn down. It was destroyed because for many years it had been going to ruin. While the old building was in course of destruction the villagers possessed themselves of mementoes in the shape of wood, nails and pieces of stone. Many of the old nails were converted into rings, which adorn the fingers of the residents.

Captain Burnside and twenty-two of the crew of the British tramp steamer Moldava were picked up at sea in three open boats by the Anchor Line steamer Cierassia, which arrived at New York from Glasgow recently. The Moldava struck an iceberg in a fog, and sank, giving the crew barely time to provision the lifeboats and lower them. All hands were saved. The Moldava, which had a cargo of coal, was owned by the Mercantile Shipping Company of London.

The Southern Pacific railroad has opened a granite quarry on its new thirty-five acre tract near Cucamonga.

SAN BRUNO

Meat Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR CYPRESS

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ ++

Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.



Detroit Livery Stable EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

I. GOLDTREE & CO., Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House.)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE, 206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING, ETC., ETC., ETC.

Free Delivery.

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand and San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

Don't run around in the wet too long trying to find out where you can buy an umbrella the cheapest.

President Garfield's widow has an income of over \$20,000, so the wolf does not even get on to the premises.

Useful knowledge can have no enemies except the ignorant; it cherishes youth, delights the aged, is an ornament in prosperity, and yields comfort in adversity.

The constitutionality of the anti-cigarette law is being attacked in the Iowa courts. In the meantime, the cigarettes go right on attacking constitutions in just the same old way.

That Pennsylvania man who ate thirty pies and one watermelon and dropped dead should have known enough to leave watermelons alone; they are dangerous for those with delicate digestive apparatus.

A Kentucky contemporary thinks that "there is no reason" now why Breckinridge should not be sent back to Congress." Miss Pollard knows at least 15,000 separate and distinct reasons worth a dollar apiece.

There are only nine George Washingtons in the Chicago city directory in a population exceeding 1,750,000; but it is only fair to state, however, that there are more than nine Chicagoans who practice Uncle George's precepts occasionally.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There is no deception in a bulldog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

A French chemist claims to have succeeded in photographing thought, and says it can be done in the dark equally as well as in the light. There may be something in this; it is nothing new for a young man to get a negative from a girl, even in the dark.

The Cincinnati Times-Star can't understand the local project to "cut a new ship canal a mile in length for \$10,000,000 and sell one mile of the lower end of the Chicago river for \$15,000,000." Why, the small alone would sell for more than that to any fertilizer factory.

A man's moral character cannot be really elevated by external force. People may be awakened and inspired and help each other by their interest, sympathy, advice and influence; but, if the character is to be built up into fair and beautiful proportions, it must be by the personal force of the individual himself.

Two young men of New York ran a foot race for the girl they love. She met the winner at the tape and marriage followed promptly. If she who was Miss Rose Frances is wise she will never let that sprinter of hers get out of practice. Not only is high speed an excellent accomplishment for the prospective father of a family, but it will enable him to leave New York with celerity.

That kind of success which consists in heaping up money, as popularity, or knowledge, solely for selfish gratification, is rotten to the core, and will soon fall, even in its own unworthy aim; but that which gains it that it may illumine, is the only sound and real prosperity, and is that which determines the value of each man and each woman to the community in which they dwell.

Flies are despised, but if every one was as persistent and hard to discourage as a fly, more people would succeed. When a fly gets after a person, it never knows what it is to stop. It may be scared off fifty times, but it never forgets, and soon returns, and makes a more determined effort than ever. All efforts to kill a fly usually result only in personal injury, and do not even scare the fly. The Bible holds Job up as an example of patience, but we bet there were no flies in his time.

Philip Goetter, of Chicago, is married, and has been for some time, but his ignorance of feminine proclivities is harrowing. To begin with he posted a notice to the effect that Mrs. Goetter must not whisper in the house. This seems to be cruelly refined, for how could his wife tell her callers what she thought of that sort of ukase when he was about, unless she whispered. Incidental to this he forbade her joining a club, locked his house at 8 o'clock every evening, and denied her a latch key, and brought the whole matter to a climax by ordering her, in writing, not to be a new woman. Mrs. Goetter is now suing for separate maintenance. It is possible that the evidence on the trial will disclose a refusal on the part of her husband to let her ride a bicycle. If this is so, wild horses couldn't keep a jury from finding in her favor.

A double-tandem bicycle, with four wheels arranged like those of a wagon, and four seats for riders, two in front and two behind, and carrying a hose-reel, rotary pump, etc., was exhibited at the recent bicycle show in Paris. The machine is intended as a fire engine. When the scene of the fire is reached, the pedals are thrown into gear with the pump, the hose is unrolled, and the riders, resuming their seats,

work the pump by means of the pedals. It is claimed that this machine can outstrip any fire engine drawn by horses on the way to a conflagration, and that its pump is at least as effective as those of the hand engines used in small towns.

The wisdom of railroad companies encouraging "genuine collisions" between locomotives for show purposes may be doubted. The question that arises is not whether cast-off instruments are used up in these mimic catastrophes. But what is the effect of this sort of a show? Is it to create respect for property? Clearly not. It is to teach destructiveness. It is to arouse a vicious spirit in human nature. It is to make destruction spectacular and thereby stimulate the weak, the imitative and the perverse to repeat in earnest the experiment presented as recreation for an admission fee. The abiding effect of such a spectacle is an incitement to brutality for sensation. The same instinct makes boys torment dumb animals. The same low love of sensation without regard to morality is seen in vivisection carried on for amusement. If reading frontier mock heroics has brought many a boy to amateur highwaymanship the "genuine railroad collision," to which great corporations lend themselves as interested accessories, will inspire real railroad wrecks. This is the first time the ethics and taste of the dime novel have been applied to railroad corporation financing.

This is the season of the year when the average city man takes himself to one side and confidentially admits to himself that a vacation isn't what it is cracked up to be. The salaried man who is accorded an annual holiday all to himself, begins to feel the old, nomadic impulse to go to the woods as early as June 1. By June 30 he has worked himself to a fever of anticipation and nervousness. July deepens and grows torrid. Then one day somebody fixes the date of his leave. Of course it is at least four weeks ahead, and then begins the long, wearying, nerve-wearing period of existence between him and liberty. He can't work; he can't think. He grows nervous and irritable under the strain. By the time vacation comes the man is needing it to recuperate the wear and tear which its anticipation has cost him. As soon as it does begin, however, there comes the haunting fear that he won't spend it right; that he won't get the greatest measure of liberty, change, recreation and pleasure that may be bound up in the limited time. The thought haunts him. For the first week he has so much time to himself that he is dazed; then, all at once, he is panic stricken because there is so little vacation left. There is a ceaseless effort to fill every day full of activities and to keep awake just as many hours as it is possible for a man to do. Through it all is that old ogre, work, at the end of the vista. Work comes again at last and with it comes doubt and regret—doubt, that the greatest possibilities of vacation were attained and regret that he had not pursued some other plan. It is when in this mood that he sighs and settles back into harness, confident that a vacation is a delusion, but nevertheless cheered by the fact that there is another one twelve months ahead of him.

Actors as Slang Coiners.
A writer who is interested in slang says that Bartley Campbell, the playwright, was responsible for the expression "See?" He explained this statement by saying that Campbell had long bony fingers, and when he was interested he would tap his auditor on the coat with them and exclaim "See?" in a persuasive way that was very effective.

One explanation is as good as another when it comes to the origin of slang; natural conclusions is that he doesn't become popular until several years after the death of Bartley Campbell, and the natural conclusion is that he doesn't deserve either the credit or odium of it. As a matter of fact, however, many of the popular expressions of this sort may be safely credited to actors or playwrights who devote their time to writhing laughs provokers. One fat comedian with nimble feet and a concert hall voice, who has appeared only in the broadest kind of farces for the last half dozen years, has coined a score of slang expressions that are popular. Some which arouse his audiences and are repeated as his own gags, he has admitted, were expressions that were popular when he was a boy in the old Ninth Ward, and their antiquity is beyond the memory of the oldest citizen.

While slang expressions may have as many lives as a cat if they are resurrected at the right time and in the right way, punning seems to have had its day. When "Evangeline" was first produced its lines were applauded. The audience laughed at them. The opera has been revived this summer, and the puns with which it is filled are not worth the effort of speaking. This kind of humor isn't popular now.

Bad Blood.
Fudley—Why is more poetry written in spring than at any other time of the year?

Scudley—I suppose it is because nearly everybody feels sort of good-for-nothing then.—Washington Times.

As Advertised.
New Yorker—But you advertised that you had running water on both floors.
Jayhawker—So we did, stranger; an' 'twas a foot deep in the cellar, but we hadn't had no rain now goin' on a week to-morrow.—Exchange.

Mrs. Gray—I hear that Miss Brown is married. Her husband is a foreigner, is he not? Mrs. Green—He was not so considered at his home in France.—Boston Transcript.

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE

EXPOUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

God Knows Us Better than We Know Ourselves—One Woman Was Proved Against Temptation—"Love Is Not Easily Provoked."

As a Little Child.
GOD knows me better than I know myself. He knows my weakness—what I can do and cannot do. So I desire to be led, to follow him, and I am quite sure that he will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, advancing his cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that.

Intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this, and so he has led me and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my church and fellow men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellow men, to recognize these several gifts as from thee.

Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ! God hear my prayer! Grant me the wondrous joy of humiliation, which is seeing thee as all in all.—Norman Macleod's Dairy.

A Conscientious Woman.
There died recently in London a lady whom money could not tempt to forget the right. Her husband, Sir Richard Burton, had been distinguished as a military hero, traveler and author, and his wife had spent several years with him among the Arabs, sharing his perils and privations.

At the time of his death, Sir Richard Burton had completed the manuscript of a work which was regarded by a certain class of literary men as exceedingly valuable, but which on account of its immoral character might have blighted thousands of pure young hearts, had it been published. It was a translation from the Persian and gave evidence of his high scholarship, although it was a testimony to his lack of Christian principle. His widow was offered a fabulous sum for the manuscript over which her husband had labored for years, but she made the matter a subject of prayer, and after becoming convinced of its true nature, she without hesitation committed the entire manuscript to the flames—an act for which she deserves to be gratefully remembered by the entire Christian world.—Young People's Paper.

The Love of the Beautiful.
There is no merit in ugliness; there is no piety in melancholy or moroseness. On the contrary, a large element in every real virtue is cheerfulness; and holiness is inseparable from the intrinsically beautiful. There is great power for good in the beauty which God has enabled us to find or produce, and we may use this power for blessing men sometimes to a degree far beyond our ability to help them with clothing and food. Learn this lesson which the Master teaches. Give the beauty and freshness of your lives to the Lord. Cherish high ideals, and embody them in beautiful actions. Let your enthusiasm play out freely; though Judases may reprove and sordid men may talk of waste, the Master will commend. Be glad if in any way you can give a perfume to the life of men, and infuse beauty into their tedious drudgery. Make a true consecration of all your finest faculties to the service of all our fellow-men in the spirit of Christ, and there will be place for all, and life thus transformed into service will fill the homes and hearts of those about you with fragrance, as Mary's offering filled the supper-room at Bethany with perfume that lingers still.

An Easy Task.
"Make the best of one another." If we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak point; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon them. It is a very easy task; and by so doing we shall make the burden of life unendurable, and turn friends into enemies, and provoke strife, hatred and heart burnings, wherever we go, and cut off from ourselves one of the chief sources of happiness and goodness and usefulness. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By fixing our attention on their good qualities, we shall rise to their level as surely as by fixing our attention on their bad qualities, we shall sink below their level. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven; and we, if God please, shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.—Dean Stanley.

Truth First.
The truth is worth more than the man. The more truly a man pursues truth for truth's sake, the more does he lose sight of himself in gaining sight

of the truth. Many an investigator is more disturbed about his own priority than he is about the priority of the value of the truth. Few finer things could be said of any discoverer than what has been said of the eminent Helmholtz: "He never indulged in one of those reclamations of priority into which scientific vanity is sure to be betrayed, but several times published notes to show that his own results were not so new as he and the scientific world had believed them to be." When the world is doing homage to one whom it acknowledges as its great master in science, what grim delight must we find in reminding his admirers that the truth is first, even though it compel them to regard him as second! Yet this is the true spirit, not alone for the distinguished scientist, but for every plain, obscure man, woman and child. Truth first!

Be Careful How You Judge.
A man went into a church to worship. He was seated in the pew beside a man whose clothes were poor, whose face was scarred, and whose arms and hands were constantly in motion—altogether a queer man. "I think I must change my seat," said the man to himself. "This person is very disagreeable to me." Just then the minister gave out the sweet old hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And the queer-looking man began to sing. Such sounds! Then it was time for the second verse, and the strange looking man leaned over and asked for the first line:

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind."
"Yes," he said, "that's for me. I'm blind and paralyzed," and then he began again. All was changed. The voice seemed no longer harsh. "Should I ever again complain," thought I, "when this poor, unfortunate man, blind and paralytic, can sing:
"Yet, all I need in Thee I find,
Sight, riches, healing for the blind."

The Tyranny of Temper.
"Love is not easily provoked." We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness. We speak of it as a mere infirmity of nature, a family failing, a matter of temperament, not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character. The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the saddest problems of ethics. The truth is, there are two great classes of sins—sins of the body and sins of the disposition. The prodigal son may be taken as a type of the first, the elder brother of the second. Now, society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worst. It's brand falls without a challenge upon the prodigal.

What Shall I Do?
"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
"Discharge aright
The simple duties with which each day is rife."
Yea, with thy might."
—F. von Schiller.

Notes and Comments.
Mr. Rowlands, Q. C., recorder of Swansea, who has just embraced Catholicism, on graduating from Oxford became a clergyman of the Church of England, then head master of a grammar school, and in 1871 turned lawyer, was made a queen's counsel, entered Parliament, and later was appointed to the bench.

According to a Rome newspaper statement, Bishop Falconio, of Acerenza, will soon replace Cardinal Satolli as papal legate in the United States. Mgr. Falconio is an American priest, and was on the mission in this country from 1896 to 1898. He was educated in St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany County, New York. After serving some time as vicar general of the diocese of Harbor Grace, N. P., Father Falconio was called to Rome, where he rose to the highest offices of his order, and now, as alleged, is to be the papal representative in the United States.

Belvidere, an island suburb of San Francisco, is witnessing the novel experiment of a non-sectarian church. The village numbers Jews and Gentiles among its inhabitants, none of them being strong enough, however, to afford the building of a church for their own particular use. To remedy the matter, the company that owns the larger part of the island built a handsome little edifice of stone, stipulating only that the residents should furnish the interior in a fitting manner, that the building should be for the benefit of the entire community, and that it should remain non-sectarian. There will be no resident pastor, but ministers, priests or rabbis will be welcome to preach under the one roof as they are called there by those of their religion. The furnishings of the building were provided from the receipts of a garden and lawn party.

At the recent National Council of Congregational Churches a committee was appointed to meet a committee from the National Conference of the Christian Denomination and consider the subject of a confederation or union of the two denominations. The feeling between the two bodies is very cordial. One of the colleges conducted by the Christian churches, Elon College, of North Carolina, has just conferred the degree of doctor of divinity upon Rev. Frank S. Child, pastor of the Congregational Church in Fairfield, Conn. This is a pleasant recognition of the friendliness of relations between Congregationalists and Christians. Mr. Child has spoken on various public occasions in Massachusetts, Virginia and Ohio on the subject of Christian union, and has come into personal contact with many of the leading men in the Christian denomination.

WOMAN AT HOME

IS MRS. CLEVELAND'S PROPERTY

PRESIDENT Cleveland rides in Mrs. Cleveland's carriage at Gray Gables. His coachman is not his at all, but his better half's. From the handsome pair of bays, the carriage the coachman, down to the very harness, the entire outfit is hers. It is said that her ownership does not stop at the contents of the stable, but the entire estate is hers as well; but, if this is true, there is one thing in which the man of the house is permitted to assert his supremacy. The President pays the taxes. The assessors of the town of Bourne have Mr. Cleveland on their little list, and do not recognize his wife as a source of financial relief to the town treasury. The President is good enough for them. He accepts the decree of values of the Monument Neck estate and settles with the tax collector without a murmur each year.

Mrs. Cleveland's new pair are light bays, and much better matched than the pair she drove last summer. They are by no means small, but in good proportion to the two-seated, canopy-topped carryall to which they are nearly always attached. Mrs. Cleveland's horses' harness is black leather throughout and somewhat elaborate. It is silver mounted in a new pattern, and on the saddle pad in either side, on the blinders and on each rosette of the bridle are these three letters in a monogram: "F. F. C." Frances Folsom Cleveland, they stand for, and are the evidence that the equipage throughout is the personal property of the wife of the President. These initials are raised letters of polished silver of a peculiar, elongated, very English pattern.

Miss Lillie B. Pierce.
Miss Lillie Pierce, who read the declaration of independence at the opening of the national silver convention, is one of the ablest and most charming of the young women in St. Louis who have devoted themselves to elocution. St. Louis prides itself upon the number and the quality of its female professors of elocution, and Miss Pierce occupies a place in the forefront of that profession. Her great power of declamation began to show itself when she was a mere tot. At the tender age of 6 she electrified her teacher by declaiming, with marvelous force and expression, Mr. Eddy's great oration on the decline and fall of the North American



lean Indian. When she had reached the grammar grade her recitation of Rienzi's address to the Romans and of Marco Bozzaris' death were famed throughout the city. As she grew older Miss Pierce set her wing to higher flights and heavier performances, and successfully coped with Spartacus' outburst concerning his intention of making Rome howl and other gems of tragic import. It is said that her reading of the declaration of independence is a stirring effort. Her voice is remarkable for its volume, and her attitudes are said to be art itself. Miss Pierce is pretty, cultured, and might have made a success upon the stage had her ambition led her that way.

Symbolical Marriages in India.
A curious custom prevails in certain parts of India which may be called a symbolical marriage. In families where there are several daughters the younger sisters may only marry after the elder sister is married. That, of course, is not always the case, but the obstacle can easily be surmounted if the elder sister declares herself ready to marry some tree or a large flower or some other lifeless object. In this way the disagreeable consequences of disregarding the time-honored custom may be avoided and the younger sister can safely be wedded to her living choice.

Chances of Marriage Spoiled.
A mother who has brought up both boys and girls is strongly opposed to the higher education for her gentler offspring. She says that a girl usually does not get out of college until she is 22 or 23, and "by that time her chances of marriage are sensibly diminished." But there are a great many who hold that a girl's chance of happiness is really increased by a college education. On the other hand, a girl is flung into society, immature and half-educated, with no future before her except in matrimony, and her ignorance of the world is such that she is likely to make a match which will prove unfortunate. On the other hand, the college girl has learned how to extract pleasure from books and pictures; and she can earn

her own living and does not depend upon the chance of some man offering her a home. In fact, she is not so prone to take the first chance that offers, and while it is probable that "a girl's chance of matrimony is sensibly diminished by a higher education," it by no means follows that the higher education diminishes her chance of happiness.

Mrs. Thomas C. Platt.
While everybody knows something of Thomas C. Platt, the great Republican boss of New York, little is generally known of his wife, and yet Mrs. Platt is hardly less interesting than the boss himself and is the virtual power behind the throne. She takes an active and intelligent interest in the affairs that interest her husband and is well posted on the politics of the State and nation. Her husband's triumphs have



MRS. THOMAS C. PLATT.

been hers and his disappointments have been harder on her than on him. In appearance Mrs. Platt is tall, with dark hair, tinged with gray, and dark eyes that look at one with a very direct, penetrating glance. Her features are small and exceedingly well formed and her manner is cordial and dignified. One of Mrs. Platt's greatest charms is her voice, which is exceedingly rich and musical. She dresses with taste, inclining now to grays and blacks, with much fine lace. She is thoroughly feminine in dress and manner. Mrs. Platt is now anxious that her husband should abandon politics, fearing that the strain is greater than he can continue to bear.

Cultivate Ease and Repose.
"In your own person you must live up to what the social world asks," says Ruth Ashmore, in an article addressed to young girls in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Achieve the stillness of form that is the great charm of the English woman. Learn to be quiet of body, do not jerk, do not wriggle, do not move from chair to chair, do not restlessly pick up first one and then another of the trifles on the table and toy with them, do not bite your lips, do not set your jaws as if you were going to fight a battle, do not tap your foot, and do not show, by moving your hands backward and forward, that the enemy of good form, restlessness, is controlling you. Then, when you talk, avoid all those little smart speeches that seem to you so clever, but which are very apt to be coined at the expense of somebody else."

The Irish Joan of Arc.
Her remarkable beauty no less than her sweet womanliness and patriotic fervor has made Miss Maud Gonne a successful worker in the cause of Irish freedom. She is called the Joan of Arc of Irish politics. The daughter of the late Col. Gonne, who was Irish by birth but anti-Irish in sentiment, she was reared in a circle which was strongly opposed to home rule for the green isle. Her father was attached to the vice-regal court, and here she was the reigning belle. But when, upon the death of her parent, she declared her sympathy for the Irish people she was



MISS MAUD GONNE.

frowned upon and had to seek new friends. Then came a determination to work publicly for her countrymen. She went on the platform as a political speaker and toured England for the Liberal party in the last elections. She has also lectured in France and Belgium.

Forecasts for Autumn.
The sack or box coat will be much in evidence this fall.

Braiding and sets of braided garnitures are to be popular.

Yokes are universally worn, but a short, stout figure will look better in a long V.

Next winter will be a winter of broad-brimmed hats and ostrich plumes.

One feature by which the very latest made gown may be recognized is by its high girdle, or girdle, of black satin ribbon, accompanied by a short bolero.

A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.

The man who should pass through life without experiencing a twinge of indigestion, might be fitly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for that truly national complaint, as well as for fever and ague, debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

"Did Bob leave his wife anything besides his insurance?" Yes, he left her to the tender mercies of his creditors.

TO OUR READERS
who use or need the most economical power, we wish to call attention to the 2 1/2 ACTUAL HORSE POWER HERCULES GAS AND GASOLINE ENGINE for \$185.00, with discount for cash, manufactured by the Hercules Engine Works, San Francisco; the best and most reliable engine ever offered on the Pacific Coast. This engine is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures. —George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

Beware of Mercury!

Mr. Henry Roth, of 1848 South 9th Street, St. Louis, was given the usual mercurial treatment for contagious blood poisoning. He was twice pronounced cured, but the disease returned each time, he was seized with rheumatic pains, and red lumps and sores covered his body. "I was in a horrible fix," he says, "and the more treatment I received, the worse I seemed to get. A New York specialist said he could cure me, but his treatment did me no good whatever. I was stiff and full of pains, my left arm was useless so that I was unable to do even the lightest work. This was my condition when I began to take S. S. S., and a few bottles convinced me that I was being benefited. I continued the medicine, and one dozen bottles cured me sound and well. My system was under the effects of mercury, and I would soon have been a complete wreck but for S. S. S."

S. S. S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is the only cure for real blood diseases. The mercurial treatment of the doctors always does more harm than good. Beware of mercury! Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS
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The greatest discovery of the age. An infallible remedy for cancers and tumors, both internal and external, and after two and three operations. Cancer of the Stomach readily cured. Thirty years experience. All remedies purely vegetable. The best of references given. Dr. A. S. COOK and Mrs. Dr. COOK, 634 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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HERCULES Gas and Gasoline Engine, MANUFACTURED BY Hercules Gas Engine Works, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. 21st Annual Catalog Free.

AN IMPRESSION.

A wind swept sky. The waste of moorland stretching to the west. The sea, low moaning in a strange unrest—A sea gull's cry.

Washed by the tide, The rocks lie sullen in the waning light; The foam breaks in long strips of hungry white, Dissatisfied.

Above, around, Thunderous calm of drought that kills and sears; Silence, in travail, waiting birth of tears—No conscious sound.

Only the stir Of some small insect life within the land; The lapping of the waves upon the sand, A cornflake's whirr.

Upon the hill The gorse seems thirsting for the rain; afar, Low poised on the horizon line, one star Shines, lonely still.

—May Bateman in Temple Bar.

WHAT THEY EAT IN EGYPT.

Kabob and Green Cakes Form an Epicurean Meal For Five Cents.

Margherita Arlina Hamm, a clever writer on the New York Mail and Express, says that every country has its own little delicacies, and the British soldiers who pour into Egypt undoubtedly buy from the street hawkers the green cakes, and possibly the kabobs, for which the land of the Nile is famous.

The kabob is broiled meat, but is broiled in so ridiculous a fashion as to be really funny. The peddler uses a little charcoal furnace, something like those in use by our plumbers. In it he keeps up a small but hot fire. Attached to the side of the furnace is a lot of iron skewers. When a customer approaches, the hawker takes a small piece of meat, mutton or goat, the latter being the most popular, cuts it with a sharp knife into a long ribbon, winds it around the skewer and places it over the charcoal fire. Some of the drippings are collected, and, with a little salt or salt and spice, makes a pleasant sauce for the kabob when it is done. The cooking is very rapid. What with the heat of the fire and the thinness of the meat, it is thoroughly done in two or three minutes.

The green cakes are nothing more or less than small wheat cakes mixed with chopped green leaves of various kinds salted and baked in a slow oven. They are pale yellow, yellow gray and brownish gray, with irregular splashes of green on both the upper and lower surfaces. They are said to be very nourishing, and they are certainly very appetizing and palatable when fresh from the oven. Almost any kind of green leaf which is used as human food serves for making a green cake. The humble cabbage and the aristocratic petit pois vert, the watermelon rind and the celery top, the string bean and even the asparagus tip have been used for the purpose. In addition to the nutritious leaf there is nearly always a flavoring leaf. The commonest is parsley, and after this comes fennel, fenugreek, sorrel, bay and laurel.

The green cake of the market varies from 2 to 4 inches in width, but is rarely more than a quarter of an inch thick. About one-half are made by bakers and one-half by the women of the working classes.

Rastus' Birthday.

In the northern part of Georgia I came upon a negro cabin, and, as I approached, it became evident that some extraordinary commotion was going on within. In fact, shouts and yells of terror succeeded one another so rapidly that I hastened to see what could be the trouble.

As I drew rein before the door half a dozen ragged pickaninnies ran out. All but one of them were screaming and crying at the tops of their voices, while the odd one, as merry as the others were sad, began tumbling cartwheels and standing on his head. At this moment a man, evidently the head of the household, appeared in the doorway, and in answer to my inquiries gave me the following explanation of the mystery: "Yer see, sah, dis is 'Rastus' birthday," indicating the one whose joyful antics I have just mentioned. "Now, I've powerful hard up jes' at presen' an didn't hab no money ter celebrate in de usual way. An it jes' bruk me all up ter see de res' habin jes' as much fun on 'Rastus' birthday as 'Rastus' was habin hisself. So, times bein so hard, de only way I could see was ter gib de res' all a lickin, an dat kinder raises 'Rastus' up ober de odders."

A quarter flung to 'Rastus' proved a charm that raised him still higher and dried the tears of the others in an instant. Happier children than these same pickaninnies as I rode away, a moment later, it would be hard to find.

The home secretary, the secretary for war and the secretary for India receive each a salary of \$25,000 per year.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Water-brash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart due to Distention of Stomach—Cranked Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhea?

DYSPEPSIA

Is one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets,

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CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."

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Itching and Bleeding, Swelling or Protruding Piles yield at once to Dr. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stop itching, burning, smarting, and all other troubles. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BO-SAN-KO, Phila., Pa.



Bathing.

Bathing is first of all for cleanliness, but it should be practiced also for its good effect upon the skin, the circulation and the nutrition. It affords an excellent stimulus for the skin, improving the tone of its minute network of vessels, increasing the excretion which is carried on by its glands, and thus relieves the kidneys and liver of much of their work. It acts as an additional stimulus to the circulation by causing the blood to flow more thoroughly through all the organs of the body as well as through the minute blood-vessels of the skin itself. It improves nutrition by causing a more rapid removal of the waste products from the system.

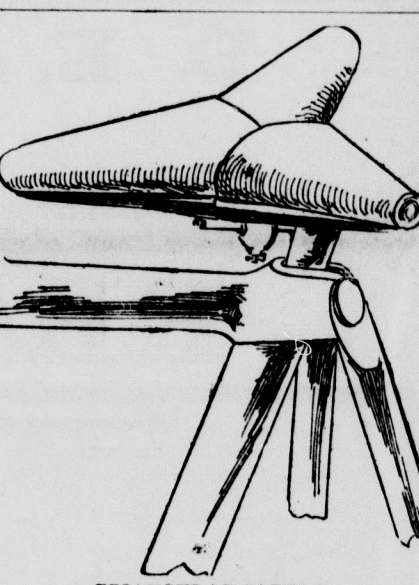
One of the most invigorating forms of bathing is the cold sponge bath taken in the morning before breakfast. Persons who do not react readily after such a bath, such as the very young, the very old, or those who are seriously weakened by disease, should not practice it. For a person of average health, however, the cold bath is an excellent tonic. The exhilaration and warmth of the cold sponge bath can be increased by drying and rubbing the body with a rough towel.

Care should always be taken not to have the bath too prolonged, or of a temperature so low as to prevent the reactionary dilation of the vessels of the skin. If the cold sponge bath is taken regularly the blood vessels of the skin are trained to contract and relax easily, and therefore habitual bathers are comparatively little liable to catch cold. The number of red blood corpuscles and the amount of coloring matter in them is increased by cold baths. An excellent way of becoming accustomed to the cold sponge bath is to begin with water which is tepid, and gradually reduce its temperature until absolutely cold water can be borne and enjoyed.

MAKES OF PNEUMATIC SADDLES

One Is a Triangular and the Other Requires No Seat Post.

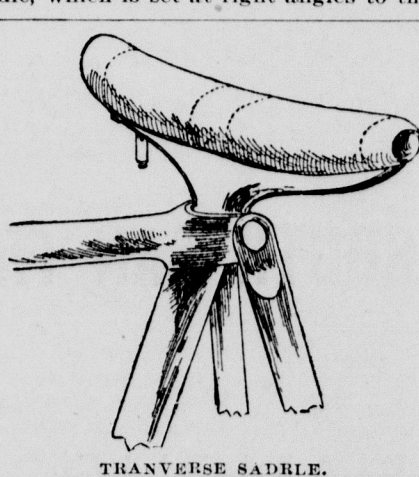
Two variations in pattern of the pneumatic saddle have been recently patented. In one pattern the saddle is made of triangular form, with the usual



TRIANGULAR SADDLE.

inside cushion of rubber and outer case of leather, and is practically three triangular cushions about five inches in length.

The most radical departure from established forms is the transverse saddle, which is set at right angles to the



TRANSVERSE SADDLE.

frame. It is likewise composed of rubber and leather. It is about ten inches in length and affords a wide and secure seat. It may be used with any form of post.

Tramp's Expression of Gratitude.

"It is very kind of you, madam," said the tramp, "to give me such a fine dinner."

"Don't mention it, you poor man," said the kind-hearted woman.

"But I will repay you," said the tramp, gratefully. "I'll tell all my pals you are a flinty-hearted termagant that ain't never known how to cook nothin' decent, so they'll give your house the go-by and won't never bother you."

What She Meant.

Bearded Lady (striking the fat woman on the jaw)—Yes, you did. Fat Woman—What did I do? Bearded Lady—Tried to have my contract cancelled by telling the manager that I had a close shave this morning.

Fat Woman (apologetically)—Law sakes! I meant that you had a narrow escape from being run over by a trolley car.—New York World.

A Real Compliment.

"I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, solicitously. "I didn't mean to step on your foot."

"Lord bless you, miss," returned the man in the blue drilling blouse, "I didn't know you did."—Somerville Journal.

Folly breaks out in a new place every year; it can't be cured.

Escaped From Chili.

THE DANGEROUS ADVENTURE OF DETECTIVE W. M. LUGG.

Compelled to Cross the Mountains on Muleback—Taken Sick During the Journey.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Four years ago, at the time of the trouble between the United States and Chili, as a result of the killing of the sailors of the U. S. S. Baltimore, in the streets of a Chilean city, many Americans were obliged to leave the country for safety. Among them was W. M. Lugg, the private detective and collector, whose office is in the Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

When Mr. Lugg left Chili he went across the mountains into Argentine, traveling on muleback.

Mr. Lugg says that the trip is a delightful one in point of beautiful scenery and perfect weather, but many people dislike to undertake it on account of the unhealthy stagnant water which they are compelled to drink along the way. Many persons have been stricken down with disease from having drunk of it, and in a number of cases the attacks have proven fatal. The native Chileans drink the water without injury to their systems but it has a bad effect upon those who are not used to it.

"I fell a victim to the injurious qualities of the water," said Mr. Lugg. "It affected my kidneys to an alarming degree. When I got over into Argentine I thought the trouble would gradually leave me, but instead of that it grew more aggravated and I suffered terribly from pains in the region of my kidneys. I was en route to Chicago and I determined to reach my destination before the complaint should grow so serious as to confine me to my bed. Upon reaching Chicago I at once consulted a physician, who told me my kidneys had been affected by drinking polluted water. He treated me for some time for that complaint, but I grew steadily worse and new ailments were added to my already serious condition. I began to have neuralgic pains in my head, my spine was affected with shooting pains and I had no control over the urinary organs. It was next to impossible for me to get any sleep. I lay awake many a night suffering the most intense pains, and the physician unable to relieve them.

"But relief came at last. One day one of my friends came to my room and handed me a box of Williams' Pink Pills. Of course I laughed at him for daring to think that any patent medicine could aid me when my physician had failed. I took the pills, however, to oblige my friend more than for any faith I had in them, and I was treated to the most joyous surprise of my life when I realized that I was being relieved of my pains. First the peculiar pains along my spine ceased, and then my neuralgic trouble began to grow less and finally left me entirely. It took a good while to improve the condition of my kidneys, but after I had taken a number of boxes of the pills I knew that they had done their work successfully, for then I had regained control of the urinary organs and the action of my kidneys was strong and steady.

"When I thought I was out of all danger I quit taking the pills. The relief they had afforded was permanent, however, and I have never since felt a recurrence of the complaints. I hardly know how to praise Williams' Pink Pills as they should be praised. They certainly are a wonderful preparation. I have recommended them to a number of my friends who were suffering from kidney complaints, and they have all been benefited by their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Sent for list of Testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Good

Blood is what gives strong nerves, vigor, vitality. Good blood and good health come by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be Sure to get Hood's and only HOOD'S. Hood's Pills are the favorite family medicine.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

For sale by all Druggists, 25 cents a bottle.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK OF "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. CUNN'S LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use.

Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c. a box. Sample Free. Address the Dr. Rosanko Med. Co., Phila., Pa.

S. F. N. U. No. 742. New Series No. 38

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I'LL HAVE NOTHING BUT THE GENUINE BLACKWELL'S DURHAM!

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

LOOK AT THE BOX

This is Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa box—be sure that you don't get an imitation of it.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere.
WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"Knocks Out All Others."

BattleAx PLUG

The Large Piece and High Grade of "Battle Ax" has injured the sale of other brands of higher prices and smaller pieces. Don't allow the dealer to impose on you by saying they are "just as good" as "Battle Ax," for he is anxious to work off his unsalable stock.

You Save Wholesalers' and Retailers' Profits by Ordering Your Pipes Direct from Us. Guaranteed Genuine French Briar.

\$2 MONARCH. \$2

Never sold anywhere in this country for less than \$3.00. Made of the finest selected French Briar elegantly finished with 3 1/2 inch genuine Amber Mouthpiece; paragon screw easily detachable and dry smoker opening at end of stem to prevent burning of the tongue. (Cut reduced size.) SAME PIPE WITHOUT CASE, \$1.50

All Pipes as Represented or Money Refunded. All Pipes sent Prepaid.
THE MONARCH PIPE CO., 828 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

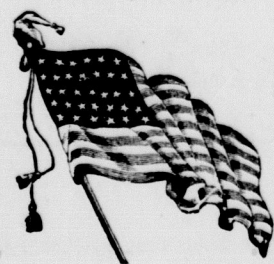
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.



Patriotism, Protection

—AND—
Prosperity.

FOR PRESIDENT,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,
—OF OHIO.—

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

GARRETT A. HOBART,
—OF NEW JERSEY.—

Election, November 3, 1896.

"The Republican Party stands for honest money and the chance to earn it."—William McKinley.

PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

Congressman James G. Maguire's article on "Labor and Free Silver Coinage" in the San Francisco Examiner's silver edition of Sunday last, opens with the following general statement:

"Whatever will generally stimulate industry and commerce, will necessarily benefit workingmen. It will not be denied that an increase in the actually circulating volume of money will generally stimulate industry and commerce."

Mr. Maguire is a man of learning and ability, but, like the great majority of free silver advocates, he puts the cart before the horse, by mistaking cause for effect.

An increase in the circulation of money is not a cause, but a consequence of increased activity in industry and commerce. The forces of industry and commerce move in obedience to the law of supply and demand. When there is a demand for the products of industry at prices which will yield a fair compensation, labor finds employment, and commerce a profit. Activity in the various avenues of industry and channels of commerce, is invariably followed by an increase in the circulation of money.

While Mr. Maguire does not assume that an increase in the volume of money will, of itself, stimulate industry, and admits that it is only the money in actual circulation that produces a beneficial effect, yet the whole scope of his argument is an effort to show that the present volume of money is insufficient. His illustrations with regard to the issue of State bank paper money in the Southern States, in the fall of 1893, is introduced for the purpose. In that case, it appears, the planters of the South were unable to obtain money to move their cotton and other crops and in the emergency the State banks, at the risk of incurring a 10 per cent penalty, issued State bank paper money upon the security of the crops, and the cotton and other products were moved to the great relief of the planters. Mr. Maguire ascribes the difficulty in obtaining money in this instance to the present monetary system, or as he is pleased to describe it, "the straight jacket of the gold standard."

The truth is, as Mr. Maguire very well knows, that had the volume of money in the United States at that particular time, been \$3,000,000,000, instead of something more than half that sum, money would have been no easier to obtain, for the reason that the country was passing through a financial crisis, there was fear and alarm everywhere, there was a general paralysis of business and money had, as usual, in such cases, gone into hiding. The trouble was caused by a lack of confidence, instead of a lack of money, or an insufficient volume of money.

dence, instead of a lack of money, or an insufficient volume of money.

The facts, in this instance and at this particular period, are overwhelmingly against Mr. Maguire and his pet theory. As a matter of fact there had been no diminution in the volume of money; upon the contrary, it had been largely increased, and increased in Mr. Maguire's favorite coin—silver. During the preceding twelve months of 1892 and 1893, the mints of the United States had coined 54,000,000 ounces of silver, an amount equal to the entire product of all the silver mines of the country. From 1890 to 1893, the Government of the United States, purchased annually 54,000,000 ounces of silver and coined the same into money, at the ratio of 16 to 1—i. e., at \$1.29 per ounce, representing an addition to the circulating medium of the country annually, of more than \$69,000,000, and for three years, of more than \$207,000,000. Notwithstanding these indisputable facts, Mr. Maguire attributes the troubles of the Southern planters during the crisis of 1893 to the "straight jacket of the gold standard."

MAKE NO MISTAKE ON CONGRESSMAN.

The election of McKinley and Hobart, without the support of a decisive Republican majority in Congress, would be the success of the center, with the defeat of both wings of the great army of sound money and protection.

The true friends of protection and prosperity cannot afford to falter in the fight for the election of Republican Congressmen in this campaign.

In this district, every ballot for Wm. McKinley for President should carry a vote for the Hon. Eugene F. Loud for Congress. Mr. Loud's character as a private citizen is without a stain, and as a public man and servant of the people his reputation is without blemish.

As a soldier he risked his life in defense of the flag and was brave, faithful and true. Six years in Congress as the representative of the people of this district, have given Mr. Loud a knowledge and experience of public measures and a weight and standing among public men, which will enable him to serve the interests of the people much more effectively than any new man could hope to do or could do.

As to ability of the right kind, Mr. Loud has it; otherwise he would not today be chairman of the important committee on Postoffices and postal affairs.

Upon the National issues of sound money and protection Mr. Loud's Republicanism is unquestioned. Upon the question of the Pacific Roads Funding Bill, Mr. Loud stands squarely upon the platform of the convention that nominated him. That platform declares against the funding bill.

Mr. Loud's pledge in this, as in all other matters, is the pledge of an honest man and soldier, and, like the soldier's parole of honor on the field, to be kept inviolate and accepted by the enemy.

Let the vote in this district be a solid party vote for Mr. Loud, and let his majority equal the majority for McKinley and Hobart.

TRYING EXPERIMENTS.

"Assume, my friends, that those anticipations which our opponents are wont to call roseate, of the advocates of the free coinage of silver, are indeed unfounded. What great harm will be done? Will the world go to pieces? Will it not be possible for us, if we have made a mistake, to change our plan?"

The foregoing extract from the free silver speech of Senator Stephen M. White, delivered in Metropolitan Hall, one week ago, is an admission that the free and unlimited coinage of silver is an experiment.

But, says Senator White, granted that it is, what of it? If we make a mistake, cannot we correct it? If we overturn the financial system of the country cannot we right it again? In other words, is not this a great, big, rich, strong country and cannot it survive almost any trial we may subject it to?

Well, it is true this is a great country; that its resources are so varied and so vast that it can endure an immense strain and still have strength enough to recover.

But why take the risk of such an experiment? Have not the people had enough of experiment? Did not the people, four years ago, permit Messrs. Bryan and White, and their friends, to try one of their experiments—an experiment which has almost destroyed the industries and business of the country, and shall they now allow them to try another which will ruin the money and credit of the country?

Let the party of Messrs. Bryan and White correct the mistake and undo the mischief wrought by its experiment of 1892, before asking the people's permission to try another which will ruin the money and credit of the country?

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

The hardy yeomanry of the Green Mountain State have been heard from.

The majority rolled up for "honest money and the chance to earn it" overtops the great Republican tidal wave of 1894 and exceeds by thousands the highest majority ever given any party in the history of the State. Free silver, free trade and all the other follies and fallacies of the Bryan-Altgeld-Tillman Popocratic party, were condemned and repudiated in Vermont on Tuesday last, by a majority of 39,300, out of a total vote of about 65,000. Bryan may read in these figures the handwriting on the wall: "Thou art weighed in the balance and thou art found wanting."

TARIFF TABOOED.

The Democratic party came into power four years ago upon the proposition of a tariff for revenue. They tried their hands at tariff tinkering and produced a tariff which has not only failed to protect American interests and foster American industries, but which has failed, utterly and lamentably failed, to provide revenue sufficient for the absolute needs of the Government, a tariff which is neither a protective nor a revenue measure.

Under these circumstances, why wonder that in the Democratic public press and public speech, the subject of tariff is tabooed?

Some of our McKinley friends who are conducting this "campaign of education" will please inform us how the necessary revenues of the Government are to be raised if our imports are to be checked by a high tariff? Then, if the tariff is not made high enough to check the imports, how do the McKinley people propose to protect the American laborer against the pauper labor of Asia and Europe? They can not by any means protect the laborer unless they check importations they must raise the revenues of the Government by direct taxation—which tax the laboring classes pay. We should be very much obliged to the Republican, Ledger or Record if they will give us a solution of this question. —Ione Valley Echo.

For twenty-six years, from 1866 to 1892, the Republican party did raise sufficient revenue for all the needs of Government, besides reducing the National debt over \$1,500,000,000, and this revenue was raised mainly from duties on imports. During this period the Republican party did protect the American laborer against the pauper labor of Asia and Europe, evidenced by the fact that during the same period, the wages of the American workingman advanced over 50 per cent. The Echo will do well to follow the example of the boy orator by sticking to the free silver issue and maintaining silence on the tariff.

PLASTER CASTS.

One Need Not Be a Great Artist to Be Able to Take a Mask.

Making a plaster cast of the hand is a simple and easy process, and one which requires only care and a little patience to attain a perfect result.

The hand or other object to be cast is thoroughly greased. Vaseline is the best for this purpose, as it is a little gummy and sticks well. Plaster of paris is mixed to a batter consistency and a little color added (indigo will do), the object laid in position and the batter poured over it and allowed to harden.

When the matrix or mold is set the hand is wriggled out, plain white plaster batter poured in, after the mold has been thoroughly greased, and when this white filling is hardened the mold is broken away, the difference in color assisting one to see what must come off.

As to the manner of making casts: Do not take a hand flat and stiff. Grease a cloth, push it up into graceful folds, lay the hand upon it in an easy position, disposing the fabric under any bent knuckle so that there will be as little as possible of what the carvers call "under cutting," which would make the mold hard to get off.

Casts, however, need not be limited to hands. A daring amateur may attempt a life mask if she can find a courageous subject willing to submit to her experiments.

In this case the eyebrows and lashes must be thoroughly greased, as well as the skin of the face, and the hair covered, so that no plaster can possibly reach and adhere to it.

The subject is laid upon her back, a couple of goose quills fixed in the nostrils for her to breathe through, and she is told to relax her features to a calm expression and keep perfectly still until the mold hardens.

These casts have to be finished and touched up a little after they are taken with a sharp knife or chisel, and any roughness there may be smoothed away with fine sandpaper. Then, mounted on a square of dark red or old blue plush, they are handsome wall ornaments, as well as the most faithful of all portraits. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

F. A. HORNBLLOWER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.

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Redwood City, Cal.

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Dentist,

74 GRANT AVENUE, San Francisco, Cal.,

Offers his professional services to the residents of Baden and vicinity, and can be consulted at the LINDEN HOUSE from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY of each week, commencing May 31st. Reference, by permission, to Dr. Marion Thrasher

The Linden House

Board by the Day or Week at Reasonable Rates. Rooms Single or in Suits.

NO BAR.

Accommodations for Families a Specialty.

H. J. VANDENBOS,

Proprietor.

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On Lower Floor LINDEN HOUSE. All Kinds of Work on Harness and Saddles Done Promptly and at Reasonable Rates.

Boots and Shoes

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

H. J. VANDENBOS.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways.

Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

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South San Francisco, Cal.

San Mateo Bakery and Confectionery

ALL KINDS OF BREAD AND FANCY CAKES ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

Proprietor of Buchman's Hotel.

New Building.

New Furniture.

Wheelmen's Headquarters.

BEST 25-CENT MEALS SERVED.

B Street, next to Bridge, San Mateo, Cal.

E. BUCHMAN, Proprietor.

ELECTRIC LAUNDRY CO.,

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Driver.

CALLING DAYS:
Tuesdays and Fridays.

Leave Orders at Postoffice, Baden, Cal.

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MODERN LAUNDRY COMP'Y

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Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special Attention Paid to the Washing of Flannels and Silks. All Repairing Attended to. Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

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—AND—

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenues,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

Where did you get that hat? Ask J. E.

Mr. Green left on Tuesday with his family for Canada.

Secretary George H. Chapman was in town Thursday.

General Nathaniel James, of the N. G. C., was in town on Saturday last.

Work on the highway leading from the brick yard is progressing rapidly.

The steamer Solano unloaded a cargo of coal at our wharves on Wednesday.

Hon. W. B. Lawrence, ex-Supervisor of the Second District, was in town Thursday.

Mr. H. Q. Tilton received a cargo of hay per the schooner "Brothers," a few days since.

Mr. J. T. Dunn is once more a grandpa and his son Carl is the happy father of a fine daughter.

Mr. Ogden will leave this week for San Francisco, and will within a few days sail for Australia.

We regret to learn that our esteemed townsman, W. J. McCuen, has been quite ill the past week.

C. Bailey is once more to be seen on the streets of our little town, having returned to his first love.

A. J. Worthington, of Newman, a cousin of Mr. S. L. Akins, paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Akins last week.

B. S. Green, of Colma, was in town Sunday, presumably looking after his political fences in the First Township.

Hereafter, beginning next Monday, the steam whistle, at the pump house, will be blown at 7 a. m., 12 m., 1 p. m., and at 6 p. m.

Tom Mason and his charming bride were enthusiastically and tumultuously serenaded by a large party of friends on Monday evening last.

The steamer Ukiah came in on Tuesday loaded with cattle and sheep for the Western Meat Company. The stock was purchased for the company by George Sutherland.

Frank Miner has resumed operations with the rock crusher. A full force is now operating the plant to supply crushed rock for several large contracts which Mr. Miner has recently received.

Mrs. S. L. Akins has resumed dressmaking, and will be pleased to see her former patrons as well as any other ladies desiring her services, at her dressmaking parlors in the Hansbrough block.

Mr. J. L. Wood has arranged to build a general repair shop on Grand avenue. Mr. Wood will conduct a general repair business in all classes of wood repair work, including wagons and carriages.

George W. Bennett, one of the staunchest friends Baden ever had, was in town this week completing the arrangements of his Grand avenue store building necessary for its occupancy by the People's Dry Goods Store.

The San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway have arranged to run a late car to Baden, when occasion requires. A guarantee of \$5 in fares will be required to insure the trip. The car will leave Thirtieth street at 11:30 p. m. Theater parties and others desiring to arrange for this car should notify the Car Company's office in advance.

All the arrangements have been made for the erection of the church building and actual work will begin next week. The committee have not quite the full amount of funds required, and as it is the desire that the building, when finished, shall be without one dollar of debt, it is to be hoped that our citizens will go down into their pockets and make up the amount lacking for this laudable purpose.

A long-felt want has been supplied the people of this town in the opening of the People's Store on Grand avenue, by Mrs. Dora Cohen, in the Bennett building. The stock of this new store is a large and varied one, comprising dry goods, fancy goods, ladies, and gentlemen's furnishings, boots, notions, underwear, hats, caps, goods, shoes; in fact, everything from a paper of pins or a bit of ribbon to a bolt of muslin. Mrs. Cohen has had years of experience in her line of business in the city of San Francisco, and proposes to sell goods just as cheap as the same articles can be purchased in the city. This store fills a gap in the business life of our town and there can no longer be any reason or excuse for paying tribute to San Francisco shopkeepers where every want can be supplied at home.

MARRIED.

Mason—Furner—On Saturday, the 29th ult., at the Hawkins' cottage, in this town, Mr. Thomas Mason was married to Miss Lizzie Furner, the Rev. George Wallace, of San Mateo, officiating. Mr. Mason has made his home at this place for more than three years, and during all that time has been in the employ of the Western Meat Company. Everybody knows and everybody likes Tom Mason.

Miss Furner is also well known and much esteemed in this community, and is a most winsome and popular young lady. It is a matter of note and comment that she is the third of a charming trio of sisters who have become brides in this little town within the past three years.

Mr. Fred Desirello acted as groomsmen, and Miss Maggie Murdock was bridesmaid. The happy young couple will make their home at the Hawkins' cottage.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The following is the Roll of Honor of the San Bruno school for the month ending August 21st:

Eight Grade—Katie Morgan, Mamie Todd.

Sixth Grade—Maggie Kauffmann, Ethel Kofod, Eddie Kauffmann, David Martin, Charlie Willin.

Fourth Grade—Nellie Collins.

Third Grade—Jennie O'Donnell, George Smith.

Second Grade—George Kauffmann, Herman Nessier, Jimmie Morgan, Annie Williamson, Amelia Jenevne.

First Grade—May Dervin, Peter Lachele, Walter Green.

The school flag will adorn the walls in the primary room during the coming month, as there has been better attendance in that room than in the other room.

REPUBLICAN CLUB MEETING.

A meeting of the Baden Republican Club will be held at the courtroom in the Postoffice building on Monday, September 7th, at 8 o'clock p. m.

The membership roll of the club has been largely increased since the last meeting. It should be enlarged until it includes the name of every citizen who favors "an honest dollar and the chance to earn it."

Thorough and complete organization is the key to success. Important business will come before the meeting on next Monday evening and a full attendance is desired.

J. Eikerenkotter, President.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARY ELECTION NOTICE.

In pursuance of a resolution of the Republican County Committee of the County of San Mateo, State of California, held at Redwood City, August 9th, 1896, there will be a primary election held in each of the several townships of said county on Saturday, September 19th, 1896, between the hours of 1 and 7 p. m., for the election of delegates to the Republican County Convention, which is hereby called to be held in Germania Hall, Redwood City, Thursday, September 24th, 1896 at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Legislature, County and Township, offices to be filled at the general election to be held November 3, 1896.

Said Convention will consist of sixty-one (61) delegates, apportioned among the precincts of the county as follows, viz:

Baden, 4 delegates; Colma 3 delegates; Millbrae, 2 delegates; San Mateo, 8 delegates; Belmont, 3 delegates; Redwood City, 13 delegates; Menlo Park, 5 delegates; Woodside, 5 delegates; Searsville, 2 delegates; La Honda, 2 delegates; Denniston 1 delegate; Halfmoon Bay, 4 delegates; Purissima, 1 delegate; San Gregorio, 2 delegates; Pescadero, 6 delegates. Total, 61 delegates.

Polls for holding said Primary Election are established and officers appointed to conduct the same as follows, viz:

Colma—Polls at Pierce's Hall. Inspector, Dan Neville. Judges, Frank Kelly, Wm. Fay.

Baden—Polls at Court Room. Inspector, Wm. Neff. Judges, H. Q. Tilton, Julius Eikerenkotter.

Millbrae—Polls at Millbrae Hotel—Inspector, Jesse Robb. Judges, A. F. Green, John Soule.

San Mateo—Precincts 1 and 2, polls at Library Hall. Inspector, H. F. Barrow. Judges, W. C. Parsons and Thomas Lindsey.

Belmont—Polls at Hammerson's Blacksmith Shop. Inspector, W. H. Mill. Judges, W. A. Emmett and R. Mills. Redwood City—Precincts 1, 2 and 3, polls in Town Hall. Inspector, John Christ. Judges, George H. Rice and W. Holder.

Menlo Park—Polls at Triumph Hall. Inspector, Thomas A. Casey. Judges, Martin Kuck and Wm. Carnduff.

Woodside—Polls at Town Hall. Inspector, W. J. McNulty. Judges, J. Kreiss and J. K. G. Winkler.

Searsville—Polls at Doyen's Store. Inspector, C. Dearborne. Judges, J. Nahmens and H. Maintrain.

La Honda—Polls at Sears' Store. Inspector, J. H. Sears. Judges, Asa Weeks and H. Steinberg.

Denniston District—Polls at Amesport. Inspector, A. Lafranchi. Judges, A. Younker, Frank Beffa.

Spanishtown District—Polls at I. O. O. F. Hall. Inspector, Fred Filmore. Judges, L. B. Bernard, Fred Valladao.

Purissima District—Polls at School House. Inspector, John Melyn. Judges, H. Nelson, Tom Durham.

San Gregorio—Polls at School House. Inspector, John Ralston. Judges, Jesse Palmer, J. Buchard.

Pescadero—Polls at Odd Fellows' Hall. Inspector, George Lewis. Judges, J. Woods and B. V. Weeks.

TESTS FOR VOTING.

All persons shall be entitled to vote who are legally qualified electors of said county and of the precinct where they may offer their votes, and who will promise to vote for the nominees of the Republican party at the coming election, provided, however, that no person shall be allowed to vote at said primary election who shall have previously voted at any Democratic or other political primary during the current year.

Should any of the officers hereinbefore named neglect or refuse to act, the Republican electors who may be present at the polls are authorized to fill such vacancies.

The election returns must be certified to, and with the ballots, poll lists and tally sheets forwarded as soon as possible, by mail, express or messenger, after the polls are closed, to the undersigned Secretary of the Committee at Redwood City.

By order of the Republican County Committee of San Mateo County, Cal.

R. H. JURY, Chairman.

Attest: George W. Lovie, Secretary. Dated at Redwood City, Aug. 29th, 1896.

PRESS NOTES.

MIKE MULLINS IS BACK.

Hero of the Cleveland Butchering Match Returns Home.

Mike Mullins, foreman of Swift & Company's beef house, has returned from Cleveland, where at last week's barbecue he again demonstrated his right to the title of champion of the world. The trip netted Mullins \$2,500 in cash and much honor.

A Cleveland paper in describing the match says:

"The large packing houses at Chicago, Cincinnati and Buffalo had men present to try for the honors. Mike Mullins, the world's champion dresser from Chicago, was on hand with an enthusiastic crowd of Chicago butchers. Mullins is in charge of one of Swift & Company's largest houses and has crowned himself with glory by winning every contest he has entered during the last thirteen years. His record of 4 minutes and 5 seconds for dressing a beef has never been approached. Lawrence Belz, of Cleveland, and Andrew Amriens, of Cincinnati, were the other cracks for whom the crowd waited anxiously.

"Belz was the first man to take the platform, and he appeared at about 2:30 o'clock in butchering regiments, with his knives gleaming. His beef was dressed and hung up in just 7 minutes and 41½ seconds after the first alas was made. This time was rather slow for what was expected from the contestants. Amriens was the next to carve. His time was two minutes faster than Belz's, his beef being dressed and hung up in 5 minutes and 40½ seconds. This was looked upon as the best time that was apt to be made during the afternoon. When Mullins appeared in a fancy suit, with red stockings and sleeveless shirt, he was given a round of applause. He carried his knives carefully wrapped up in strips of flannel and the crowd waited in great expectancy while he wrapped them. He went at his work with a flourish and his knife flashed and lashed at lightning speed for 5 minutes and 26 seconds, when his beef was hung up and swinging before the crowd. His work was excellent and won him the prize.

"During the intermission between the contests Mayor McKisson was introduced to the audience and he made a short speech, which was received with applause.

"After the announcement of Mullins' victory the champion took the platform and made a short speech, in which he challenged the world to a contest for any amount up to \$20,000, for which sum he displayed a check which he was ready to put up at any time. The display of the money greatly impressed the audience."—Exchange.

TWO MEETINGS.

A Very Old Man Tells of Something That Awakened Tender Memories.

"I came across something last Sunday," said an old, very old, man one day in 1896, "something that brought tears to my eyes and started a flood of recollections that I could not control. I had been out with my son-in-law for a little excursion, and feeling thirsty we dropped down in the yard of a neat looking hotel and called for some Rhine wine and sellers.

"You will have to order a meal," said the waiter, and we said, 'Of course; two meals.' In time the Rhine wine was brought. The glasses were smaller than they were when I was young, but their contents were 'otherwise well.' Then he brought the meals.

"They were the ordinary Sunday drink meals. My son-in-law was ordinary in every way; but the waiter had dropped mine, and, picking it up in a hurry, had placed it on the plate upside down. Otherwise, of course, I should never have noticed it. On the bottom of the meal, carved deep into the crust, were the initials 'B. G. R.' and the date '1896, May 17.' Seventy years old and more than that Raines Sunday meal was! The initials were my own, and, as I looked at the figures, almost as fresh as when they were first carved, my memory went back to the bright Sunday in May, 1896, when a friend and I had ridden on our bicycles to the self same 'hotel' and ordered the same drinks and meals. Of course, it was only a coincidence, but it was interesting.

"It was just about that time," said the old, very old, man, picking up his cane, "that the custom the boys had of carving their names on turtles' backs was given up; they carved them on Raines Sunday meals, because they lasted longer. And I think that I was one of the pioneers of the new custom." And the old, very old, man went out.

Julian Scott, Drummer Boy.

The Boston Transcript says that Julian Scott, drummer boy, Company E, Third Vermont volunteers, "received the first congressional medal of honor for bravery at the battle of Lee's Mills, Va., April 16, 1862. His duties did not require him to be present on the field. Learning that four companies of his regiment, including his own, had crossed the creek and were suffering terrible losses, and that many of his comrades were killed and wounded, he started for the scene, forded the creek, and, in the face of a terrible fire and countercharge from the enemy, succeeded unaided in bringing two severely wounded comrades across the creek. A general order was issued by his brigade commander, General 'Baldy' Smith, commending the heroic bravery of this drummer boy. The act of congress granting the medal of honor was passed July 12, 1862, and it is reported that Secretary Stanton was so pleased with the bravery of this boy that as soon as the medals were ready he sent the first one to Julian Scott."

A British patent covers England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and the Channel islands, but not one of the British colonies.

WITH A BARREL OF OYSTERS.

How a Great Russian Banker Bought His Freedom From Serfdom.

One of the best known banking houses of St. Petersburg and the one to which most American visitors to Russia carry letters of credit is that of Messrs. Shalounine & Sons, the founder of which, father of the present head of the firm, owed his liberation from serfdom, 15 years before the decree of emancipation, to a barrel of oysters. Old Shalounine was a serf belonging to Count Sheremetieff, one of the wealthiest nobles in Russia. He had frequently entreated the count to grant him his freedom, offering him as much as \$500,000 for the boon. But money was no object to the count, and it gratified his pride to feel that one of the leading bankers of the empire was one of his serfs, unable to marry either his sons or his daughters without his master's consent. Moreover, as serf, the banker was liable to have his money seized and confiscated any moment by the count, since everything that belonged to a serf, including his wife, children and property, belonged ipso facto to his master.

One day Shalounine, who had just that very morning returned to the capital from Odessa, called at the Sheremetieff palace for the purpose of reporting his arrival, as in duty bound to his owner. He had brought with him a barrel of delicious Crimean oysters for presentation to the count, but left them in his carriage at the palace door until he should have obtained his master's intimation that his gift was acceptable.

On entering the presence of the count the banker found him surrounded by a party of guests and engaged in berating his chief butler for neglecting to provide oysters for the breakfast to which they were about to sit down. The butler was explaining to the count that there were no oysters to be got in the capital at that moment for love or money. Catching sight of the serf banker the count exclaimed:

"Oh, it is thou again. Thou art come to pester me once more for thy liberation! Thou knowest that it is useless. I should not know what to do with thy money. But stay, I will tell thee something. Get me some oysters for my breakfast and thou shalt have thy freedom!"

Shalounine bowed low, left the room, fetched the small barrel of oysters which he had left in his carriage at the door, and laid it at the feet of his master.

As soon as the barrel had been opened the count called for a pen and paper, wrote out a declaration emancipating both the banker and his family from serfdom, and then, bowing courteously to the man who but a moment before had been his slave, exclaimed, "And, now, my dear Mr. Shalounine—will you give us the pleasure of your company at breakfast?"—New York Tribune.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.

A Great Power Generating Station Which Covers but Little Ground.

Probably no other kinds of power plants afford better illustrations of the tendency to concentration than some of the modern splendidly equipped electric stations in large cities, where ground area has closely approached the maximum in value, and in which, therefore, economic considerations have dictated the putting of as much generating apparatus into as little space as human ingenuity would permit, with due regard to satisfactory performance. In some of these stations vertical engines and boilers in large units have been installed to the entire exclusion of horizontal designs, and in others, again, the saving in ground space thus secured has been still further augmented by setting engines and boilers in tiers, one above the other, giving a ratio of horsepower per square foot of ground area which a decade ago would have been thought quite beyond the limits of possibility.

In probably no station in the world has this concentration been carried out to greater degree, or to as great an even, as in that of the Edison Electric Illuminating company in Duane street, in the city of New York. The ground covered by this measures 200 by 74 feet, and within this area provision has been made for nine 2,500 horsepower engines, two of 1,250 horsepower each and three of 600 horsepower, giving a total of very nearly 27,000 horsepower, with a corresponding boiler plant, or only a little less than two horsepower per square foot. It would seem, indeed, as though economy in space could not well be carried much farther.—Cassier's Magazine.

Ingrowing Hair.

The barber was talking. "Ingrowing hairs in the face are often painful," he remarked, "but they aren't in it with ingrowing hairs under the finger nails. Fact, I assure you. Ask any barber, and he will tell you the same thing. How do they get there? Oh, that's simple enough. In cutting a man's hair, a short hair very often flies off the shears and lodges under the finger nail. We don't notice it at the time, and it gradually works its way in until it is completely out of sight. Then the trouble begins. Sometimes it takes root and grows out, but more often it just stays there and festers. Does the razor hurt? There you are, sir. Next!"—Philadelphia Record.

Waking a Shah.

An amusing story is told of how the late shah fell asleep when he should have been the chief guest at a reception. In Persia they believe that an awakened person suffers grievous injury. What was to be done? A band was dispatched to the shah's resting place with special instructions to the big drum. The result was successful.

Faith is letting down our nets into the transparent deeps, at the divine command, not knowing what we shall take.—Faber.

The Duchess of Teck is expected to get along somehow or other on an annual allowance of £5,000.

A Chestnut.

Who bewildered Lady Landholder (much has been struggling for quite an hour with a land tax form, to elderly stand-on-my-dignity landlady)—Can you tell me, Mrs. Neall, how many perches go to a rood?

Mrs. N. (with severity)—No, I cannot; but I can tell you it's not original, for I've heard it before somewhere.—Sydney Bulletin.

She Had Been There.

Mrs. Nouvo Reesh—She called me a barmaid, and I flew at her and pulled her hair.

Mrs. Toplofty—Oh, how terrible! Still even that didn't justify you in fighting her.

Mrs. Nouvo Reesh—Yes, but if you had ever been a barmaid you would understand how mad it made me.—Clips.

The proportion of women to men in the United States is greatest in New England, where the women are in excess. It is least in the far west, where the number of men exceeds that of the women.

A man intimately acquainted with the nature of things has seldom occasion to be astonished.—Henry Home.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE market is steady, and in demand at strong prices compared with last week. SHEEP are still being offered freely, with prices steady.

HOGS are still offered in abundance, and prices are from ¼ to ½ lower than last week.

PROVISIONS are in good demand at prices a trifle easier.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are:

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 10½¢; No. 2 Steers, 9½¢; No. 3 Steers, 8½¢; No. 4 Steers, 7½¢; No. 5 Steers, 6½¢; No. 6 Steers, 5½¢; No. 7 Steers, 4½¢; No. 8 Steers, 3½¢; No. 9 Steers, 2½¢; No. 10 Steers, 1½¢; No. 11 Steers, ½¢; No. 12 Steers, ¼¢; No. 13 Steers, ⅓¢; No. 14 Steers, ⅔¢; No. 15 Steers, 1¢; No. 16 Steers, 1½¢; No. 17 Steers, 2¢; No. 18 Steers, 2½¢; No. 19 Steers, 3¢; No. 20 Steers, 3½¢; No. 21 Steers, 4¢; No. 22 Steers, 4½¢; No. 23 Steers, 5¢; No. 24 Steers, 5½¢; No. 25 Steers, 6¢; No. 26 Steers, 6½¢; No. 27 Steers, 7¢; No. 28 Steers, 7½¢; No. 29 Steers, 8¢; No. 30 Steers, 8½¢; No. 31 Steers, 9¢; No. 32 Steers, 9½¢; No. 33 Steers, 10¢; No. 34 Steers, 10½¢; No. 35 Steers, 11¢; No. 36 Steers, 11½¢; No. 37 Steers, 12¢; No. 38 Steers, 12½¢; No. 39 Steers, 13¢; No. 40 Steers, 13½¢; No. 41 Steers, 14¢; No. 42 Steers, 14½¢; No. 43 Steers, 15¢; No. 44 Steers, 15½¢; No. 45 Steers, 16¢; No. 46 Steers, 16½¢; No. 47 Steers, 17¢; No. 48 Steers, 17½¢; No. 49 Steers, 18¢; No. 50 Steers, 18½¢; No. 51 Steers, 19¢; No. 52 Steers, 19½¢; No. 53 Steers, 20¢; No. 54 Steers, 20½¢; No. 55 Steers, 21¢; No. 56 Steers, 21½¢; No. 57 Steers, 22¢; No. 58 Steers, 22½¢; No. 59 Steers, 23¢; No. 60 Steers, 23½¢; No. 61 Steers, 24¢; No. 62 Steers, 24½¢; No. 63 Steers, 25¢; No. 64 Steers, 25½¢; No. 65 Steers, 26¢; No. 66 Steers, 26½¢; No. 67 Steers, 27¢; No. 68 Steers, 27½¢; No. 69 Steers, 28¢; No. 70 Steers, 28½¢; No. 71 Steers, 29¢; No. 72 Steers, 29½¢; No. 73 Steers, 30¢; No. 74 Steers, 30½¢; No. 75 Steers, 31¢; No. 76 Steers, 31½¢; No. 77 Steers, 32¢; No. 78 Steers, 32½¢; No. 79 Steers, 33¢; No. 80 Steers, 33½¢; No. 81 Steers, 34¢; No. 82 Steers, 34½¢; No. 83 Steers, 35¢; No. 84 Steers, 35½¢; No. 85 Steers, 36¢; No. 86 Steers, 36½¢; No. 87 Steers, 37¢; No. 88 Steers, 37½¢; No. 89 Steers, 38¢; No. 90 Steers, 38½¢; No. 91 Steers, 39¢; No. 92 Steers, 39½¢; No. 93 Steers, 40¢; No. 94 Steers, 40½¢; No. 95 Steers, 41¢; No. 96 Steers, 41½¢; No. 97 Steers, 42¢; No. 98 Steers, 42½¢; No. 99 Steers, 43¢; No. 100 Steers, 43½¢; No. 101 Steers, 44¢; No. 102 Steers, 44½¢; No. 103 Steers, 45¢; No. 104 Steers, 45½¢; No. 105 Steers, 46¢; No. 106 Steers, 46½¢; No. 107 Steers, 47¢; No. 108 Steers, 47½¢; No. 109 Steers, 48¢; No. 110 Steers, 48½¢; No. 111 Steers, 49¢; No. 112 Steers, 49½¢; No. 113 Steers, 50¢; No. 114 Steers, 50½¢; No. 115 Steers, 51¢; No. 116 Steers, 51½¢; No. 117 Steers, 52¢; No. 118 Steers, 52½¢; No. 119 Steers, 53¢; No. 120 Steers, 53½¢; No. 121 Steers, 54¢; No. 122 Steers, 54½¢; No. 123 Steers, 55¢; No. 124 Steers, 55½¢; No. 125 Steers, 56¢; No. 126 Steers, 56½¢; No. 127 Steers, 57¢; No. 128 Steers, 57½¢; No. 129 Steers, 58¢; No. 130 Steers, 58½¢; No. 131 Steers, 59¢; No. 132 Steers, 59½¢; No. 133 Steers, 60¢; No. 134 Steers, 60½¢; No. 135 Steers, 61¢; No. 136 Steers, 61½¢; No. 137 Steers, 62¢; No. 138 Steers, 62½¢; No. 139 Steers, 63¢; No. 140 Steers, 63½¢; No. 141 Steers, 64¢; No. 142 Steers, 64½¢; No. 143 Steers, 65¢; No. 144 Steers, 65½¢; No. 145 Steers, 66¢; No. 146 Steers, 66½¢; No. 147 Steers, 67¢; No. 148 Steers, 67½¢; No. 149 Steers, 68¢; No. 150 Steers, 68½¢; No. 151 Steers, 69¢; No. 152 Steers, 69½¢; No. 153 Steers, 70¢; No. 154 Steers, 70½¢; No. 155 Steers, 71¢; No. 156 Steers, 71½¢; No. 157 Steers, 72¢; No. 158 Steers, 72½¢; No. 159 Steers, 73¢; No. 160 Steers, 73½¢; No. 161 Steers, 74¢; No. 162 Steers, 74½¢; No. 163 Steers, 75¢; No. 164 Steers, 75½¢; No. 165 Steers, 76¢; No. 166 Steers, 76½¢; No. 167 Steers, 77¢; No. 168 Steers, 77½¢; No. 169 Steers, 78¢; No. 170 Steers, 78½¢; No. 171 Steers, 79¢; No. 172 Steers, 79½¢; No. 173 Steers, 80¢; No. 174 Steers, 80½¢; No. 175 Steers, 81¢; No. 176 Steers, 81½¢; No. 177 Steers, 82¢; No. 178 Steers, 82½¢; No. 179 Steers, 83¢; No. 180 Steers, 83½¢; No. 181 Steers, 84¢; No. 182 Steers, 84½¢; No. 183 Steers, 85¢; No. 184 Steers, 85½¢; No. 185 Steers, 86¢; No. 186 Steers, 86½¢; No. 187 Steers, 87¢; No. 188 Steers, 87½¢; No. 189 Steers, 88¢; No. 190 Steers, 88½¢; No. 191 Steers, 89¢; No. 192 Steers, 89½¢; No. 193 Steers, 90¢; No. 194 Steers, 90½¢; No. 195 Steers, 91¢; No. 196 Steers, 91½¢; No. 197 Steers, 92¢; No. 198 Steers, 92½¢; No. 199 Steers, 93¢; No. 200 Steers, 93½¢; No. 201 Steers, 94¢; No. 202 Steers, 94½¢; No. 203 Steers, 95¢; No. 204 Steers, 95½¢; No. 205 Steers, 96¢; No. 206 Steers, 96½¢; No. 207 Steers, 97¢; No. 208 Steers, 97½¢; No. 209 Steers, 98¢; No. 210 Steers, 98½¢; No.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS.

"Do you mind the widow Martin's quilt—
in?"
Her daughter Sue was a flighty thing;
Always laughin' an' firtin' an' jiltin'.
An' wearin' this'n an' t'other's ring.
She's dead this twenty year, poor creeter.
She had soft blue eyes an' a head o' curls.
Seems like the maids an' flowers were sweeter
When we were girls.

"How it snowed that day, though 'twas
just November!
Was the quilt 'Log Cabin' or 'Irish
Chain'?"
I have forgot. But I well remember
The widow's nephew from down in
Maine.
When we shook the cat, he set her yellin',
An' bounced her out in about three
whirls.
They had many ways o' fortune tellin'
When we were girls.

"Don't you remember the spellin' battle—
'Twas summer then, and the weather
fine—
When Polly Jenks spelt 'c-a-t-t-l-e',
An' Temperance Trimble 'v-i-g-n-e'?"
But what did it matter, word or letter?
They had cheeks like roses, teeth like
pearls.
Men were the same—no worse, no better—
When we were girls.

"'Twas the master himself that Polly
married.
Why, Jane, what ails ye? What makes
ye sigh?
You could not wed while the grandsire
tarried;
So youth an' roses an' love went by.
They tell me Polly is fine and haughty.
In boughten roses an' boughten pearls,
An' the master, just the same that taught
ye
When we were girls.

"Oh, the winter time, full o' rides an'
dances;
The summer days, when we sang an'
spun;
The meetin'-house, an' the stolen glances
Across the aisle when the prayer was
done!
Fifty year since we two were twenty;
But it all comes back as the smoke
uprises—
The joy an' hope an' love an' plenty
When we were girls.
—Harper's Bazar.

RAID ON THE STILL.

"Just thought I would stop by a minute,
Miranda, if I say nothing more
than I hoped you were all well," said
Mrs. Jonathan Jackson to her friend
Mrs. Samuel Pearl.

"Take a seat, Elizabeth, and make
yourself at home. It's precious little
conversation, though, one can have,
with one's neighbor about what's going
on in the mountains, with the men folk
talking nothing all the time except
their revenue sharks." And Mrs. Pearl
looked uneasily through the window of
the little sitting-room that commanded
a general view of the mountain road
that skirted past her home like the trail
of a serpent and was lost in the gloom
of the cedar trees that, mingling with
the dense underbrush, caught the eye
on all sides.

"How's Alice?" asked Mrs. Pearl
rattier abruptly.

"Fair as can be expected, Elizabeth.
The girl don't seem to be the same crea-
ture since Ike went away, though the
Lord knows I thought a great deal of
the boy; more so than I ever let on to
Jonathan. But Jonathan was down on
the lad, and what's a weak woman go-
ing to do against a strong man's opposi-
sioned?" And Mrs. Jonathan Jackson
sighed.

"Been five years now, Miranda, since
Ike went away. I always wondered
why he left here, but folks can't be per-
sonal, you know, and ask questions that
don't concern them." Mrs. Pearl said in-
quisitively, drawing her chair a few
inches nearer to Mrs. Jonathan Jack-
son.

"Well, Elizabeth, knowing you don't
talk about other people's business"—
and here Mrs. Jackson looked suspi-
ciously at her guest—"I don't mind tell-
ing you of the affair. Ike Holland, you
see, Jonathan took out of an orphan
asylum when the boy was about 2 years
old, and brought him home to raise.
Jonathan had been on a visit to Nash-
ville and thought nothing would be bet-
ter than to bring the lad here. 'Twas a
little before Alice was born, and the
boy, it seems, became attached to the
girl from her birth. But Jonathan was
proud and he used to tell Ike how he
came to be in the family, and that he
owed him a great deal. You know how
Ike grew up to manhood, and how it was
said that in these parts there wasn't one
who could stand up and fight the reve-
nue officers like Ike?"

"There's many a distillery which the
lad saved by warning the owners, and
Jonathan himself is under obligation
to the boy on that score. But the day
came when I saw that Ike thought a
great deal of my girl, and that she
wasn't at all displeased with his atten-
tions. But Jonathan was blind—never
seemed to see that the two were forever
in each other's company. One day Ike,
man-like, tells Jonathan he wished to
marry the girl. But Jonathan became
furious, and told him he wasn't any-
thing but a miserable outcast—an object
of charity. He went further—he struck
the lad a terrible blow. That was his
answer. Ike did not strike back. I
heard him mutter something 'for Alice's
sake.' But the lad raised his hand and
swore that he would even up things
with Jonathan if it took until judgment
day. Then he went away, and no one
has ever heard of him since."

Mrs. Jackson sighed softly to herself.
Mrs. Pearl's eyes were wide open with
surprise, and she wondered how the
true story of Ike's disappearance had
remained a secret so long.

"Getting dark, Miranda, and I guess I
had better be going up the road," and
Mrs. Pearl bade her friend good-by.

The November sun was gradually dis-
appearing behind the mountains and
the long shadows of the fading sunlight

cast spectral figures here and there
among the trees.

Mrs. Jackson then lighted the oil lamp
and made ready for the evening supper.
Presently the sound of a conveyance
was heard in the roadway, and Jonathan
Jackson and his daughter Alice
alighted. They had been down to the
village, a ride of twenty miles over the
mountain roads, to provide themselves
with some necessary supplies.

"What's the news in the village, Jonathan?" inquired his wife.

"Nothing much; some reports about
the revenue officers, though I didn't
take much stock in the stories." And
Jonathan relapsed into a moody silence.

The rest of the meal was eaten in
quiet, and after the dishes were cleared
away Jonathan sat comfortably by the
fire and smoked his pipe, as the Novem-
ber evenings were becoming chilly and
unpleasant.

After an hour had passed there was
the sound of a horseman approaching
near to the house, and a moment later
someone knocked at the door.

"Does Jonathan Jackson live here?"
inquired the newcomer.

"My name is Jonathan Jackson," an-
swered the master of the house. "What
is your business?" And Jonathan looked
at the stranger with suspicion.

"I am making a journey over the
mountains and would like to stay here
to-night at least."

For a moment Jonathan looked sur-
prised. Then he bade the stranger en-
ter, while he went outside and put up
his horse.

In the light of the room the stranger
appeared to be a man of some 30 years
of age. He possessed a dark beard of
luxuriant growth, which concealed
what would have been considered a
handsome face were it bereft of its
hirsute appendage. The guest took his
seat near the fire and kept his peace.

In a few minutes Jonathan returned
and joined the family circle.

"It appears to me, stranger, I saw you
to-day in the village," Jonathan ven-
tured.

"Possibly; I was there," the guest an-
swered.

"On business?"

"On business."

Then Jonathan was silent for a mo-
ment. He was apparently ill at ease.

"I suppose you have heard that it is
pretty dangerous traveling in these
parts?" again ventured Jonathan.

"Is it?" said the stranger. And Jonathan
became more dissatisfied with his
way of eliciting information.

"Stranger, it appears to me that it
might be better that you give your
name and business in traveling over
these mountains," Jonathan spoke
bluntly.

The stranger's eyes flashed like coals
of fire, and then he answered calmly:

"My name is Arthur Smith. My busi-
ness was that of a moonshiner or keeper
of an illicit distillery—that is, until I
was driven out of North Carolina."

"Why, why tell me this?" Jonathan
asked surprised.

"Because I believe I am speaking
with a brother moonshiner. Probably
you may be able to refer me to someone
in these parts who may need my serv-
ices."

"We will have to see about it," said
the master of the house, without com-
mitting himself, and in a few minutes
Smith was shown to his room, as the
night was getting late.

The next morning Jonathan went out
early and returned soon after with some
of his neighbor's friends. Smith was
up on Jonathan's return, and the men
all held a short conference together,
which seemed to prove satisfactory all
around. The result was that the stran-
ger, Arthur Smith, had joined the band
of illicit distillers carrying on their call-
ing in the mountains. For the present
Smith put up at the house of Jonathan,
and in the evening, before darkness ap-
proached, went up to the latter's still,
located in an old mill on the bank of a
rushing torrent some distance up the
mountain, which in days gone by had
been used to grind their corn, which they
purchased from the farmers on the low-
lands below.

Reports had reached the mountain-
eers that strangers had been seen in the
village at the foot of the mountains,
and the secret stills were rarely in op-
eration of late. Smith, the stranger,
owing to the late turn in affairs, had
plenty of spare time on his hands and
would wander off alone up the moun-
tain road and turn off into the dense
undergrowth to be gone hours at a time.
He was a particularly reticent man,
never ventured a question and answer-
ed those put to him in the most laconic
way imaginable. Once in a while, when
the others were not looking, his gaze
would be riveted on Alice, and Mrs.
Jackson would shrewdly smile to herself
and declare inaudibly that the girl had
made a conquest.

One evening as darkness was coming
on Alice returned from the house of
Mrs. Pearl, where she had made a short
visit, and coming suddenly around a
bend in the road she observed two men
in earnest conversation. One was Ar-
thur Smith, the other a stranger. Only
for a moment did the two men seem to
converse, and soon the newcomer had
disappeared. When Smith reached Jonathan's house it was but shortly after
Alice arrived.

Lately the mountain stills had been
operated more frequently than for some
time. The reports of the revenue officers
infesting the mountains had be-
come less frequent and the stills were
being operated with a greater degree
of security.

"We had better be getting up the
mountain, lad," Jonathan said one evening
in December. Supper had been pre-
pared earlier than usual, for Jonathan's
still was to be worked in the growing
dusk.

"I'll follow you in half an hour. Feel
rather badly to-day, but believe I'll be
all right in a short while," Smith an-
swered indifferently.

"Very well, Smith; I'll expect you,"
And Jonathan departed.

Probably some twenty minutes had
elapsed when Smith left the house and
leisurely made his way toward the se-
cret still. Alice watched the stranger
closely, and when Smith had disap-
peared she threw a shawl over her head—
there was an unpleasant chilliness in
the mountain air—and followed in his
wake.

The old mill which concealed the still
was some three-quarters of a mile from
Jonathan's house, and as Alice proceed-
ed on her way she occasionally caught
a glimpse of the forms of strange men
in the dense undergrowth, going evi-
dently in the same direction with her-
self. Once a strange man glanced at
her suspiciously, but did not molest her.
He was armed with a shotgun, and took
her probably for some one who was re-
turning from a visit to a neighboring
mountaineer's home.

Soon the girl reached the old mill. In
the evening twilight the dying sun was
fast disappearing behind the moun-
tains, leaving a faint glare in its wake,
which lit up the scene with a soft golden
light. Smith, the stranger, was stand-
ing motionless in front of the mill, peer-
ing anxiously now and then into the
dense undergrowth on both sides of the
stream, which in past days had furnish-
ed the motive power for the now use-
less wheel. Alice Jackson watched
Smith intently for a moment, and then
approached him and laid her hand gen-
tly on his shoulder.

"Ike, why do you bound my father like
this?" spoke the girl, softly.

Smith gazed at his questioner in a
startled way for a moment, and then
with an effort recovered his usual air
of stolid indifference.

"You know me, Alice. I had hoped
time had wrought such a change in my
nature and looks that none would re-
cognize me. You probably know why I
am here."

"You are a revenue officer, and your
presence here at this moment is to sig-
nal your men, who are here on all sides,
to trap my father and the few men who
are in the still."

"I see you know all. When I left
your father's house, as I did like a be-
gar and an outcast, I swore to ruin him.
If I signal now to my men in the woods
in a few minutes I will have the evi-
dence necessary to send him to the peni-
tentiary. And yet, if you had only taken
my part, all might have been different." And Ike Holland's voice grew soft and
sad.

"How could I take your part, Ike, ex-
cept by going with you—and you never
asked me to do that?" spoke the girl,
feelingly.

"And would you, had I done so?"

Ike did not need an answer to his
question. In a moment he realized that
he, the hunter of Jonathan Jackson,
was still beloved by his daughter. In
the growing darkness of the evening
the two strolled back to Jonathan's
house, and the men in the woods, who
awaited their leader's signal, wondered
what changes had taken place in Ike
Holland's plans. Jonathan also was dis-
appointed in not seeing Smith at the
still, and after that night he never saw
him there again.

"I hear that Alice has eloped with that
young man who was stopping here,"
said the irrepressible Mrs. Pearl, a few
days after the events last narrated.

"Some says as he was nobody other
than Ike Holland, though I never did
put much confidence in idle gossip."

Mrs. Pearl had heard of the late turn
in affairs, and had paid Mrs. Jackson
a neighborly call to verify sundry ru-
mors which interested her very much.

"Yes, Ike and Alice were married in
Nashville two days ago," answered Jonathan's wife.

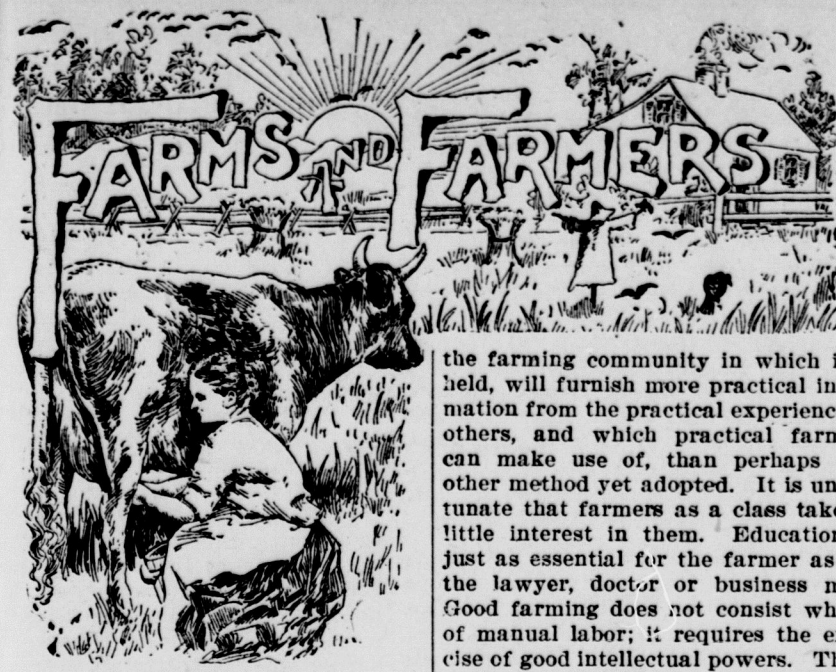
"And what does Jonathan say?" ruth-
lessly questioned Mrs. Pearl.

"What can he say?" And Mrs. Jack-
son's eyes snapped resentment at the
question. "He's got sensible at last,
and says he never would have given Ike
Holland credit for such courage. Any-
way, now that he has got a son-in-law
a revenue officer he declares he is going
to quit keeping a still and live an honest
life. Maybe one of these days I may
persuade Jonathan to run down to
Nashville with me, but not just yet."—
Washington Post.

Demand for Mother of Pearl.

Considering the vast values in gem
pearls obtained from the eastern fish-
eries, it is surprising to find that the
plain, unromantic mother of pearl se-
cured is of even greater worth. Pre-
vious to the discovery of the extensive
Australian fishing grounds in 1865, the
supply of mother of pearl was dimini-
shing, while the demand was increas-
ing. The large shelled species already
mentioned are there found in fine qual-
ity. The shells are the size of large
soup plates, weigh a pound each, and
are worth about \$1 a pair. An expert
diver, in diving dress, will collect 300
or 400 pairs in a day. About 100 gem
pearls are found in every ton of these
shells.

Beautiful art work in carved and in-
laid mother of pearl has long been pro-
duced in China and Japan. Some idea
of the extent of its European use in the
arts and manufactures may be had
from the fact that 800,000 people are
engaged in working mother of pearl in
Australia, and half that number in
France, while the value of the annual
import into England is nearly \$1,500,000.
In the Philippine Islands windows
are made of mother of pearl, and James
Anthony Freoula, in his volume of voy-
aging in Oceania, describes frightful
Maori idols with slips of mother of
pearl glittering in their eye sockets;
while in Cashmere it is the custom to
inlay the inscriptions in tombstones
with the same exquisite substance. To
cap the climax of curious uses of the
lustrous nacre, it is said that large
quantities of seed pearls are imported
into China to be calcined into medicines
for the Celestials.—Popular Science
Monthly.



Vegetable Forcing House.

A good plan for securing a maximum
of warmth at the least possible expendi-
ture of internal heat is shown below.
Such a house is, moreover, cheaply built
wherever loose stones are abundant,
whether the stones be irregularly faced,
or simply rounded cobblestones. A
cut is made into the bank and the wall
laid up in cement, or cement and lime.
The rear and end walls should have a
tile drain laid just outside of their base,



BANK FORCING HOUSE.

coming out upon the surface at the
front. The rear wall should rise a little
above the ground, which should be
graded a trifle higher in the middle at
the rear than at the ends to turn aside
the surface water. The tile drain will
take care of all water that soaks down
through the ground. The wall in front
is extended a little beyond either end of
the building to retain a full bank of
earth against the end walls. The inter-
rior arrangement will of course be simi-
lar to any single-roofed forcing house.
—Farm and Home.

Right and Wrong Way of Feeding.

The summer feeding of pigs is an
important matter under present condi-
tions. Doubtless pasture is the most
healthful and profitable basis for the
feeding, but as time is an element to be
considered, it is advisable to feed grain
with it to push on the growth as fast
as possible. There is everything in
good clover pasture needed for the sus-
tenance of the pigs, but we want some-
thing more than this, for the most
growth made in the least time is the in-
dispensable requirement for profit; but
whole grain is not a desirable food. A
considerable portion of it is swallowed
without mastication, and is voided
whole. When waste milk is to be had,
it will pay more value as food for pigs
on pasture than used in any other way,
and with this some mixed finely ground
meal corn and buckwheat will produce
more growth of a perfectly healthful
character than any other kind of grain
food.

Hens in the Orchard.

Many farmers and orchardists would
like to have hens in the orchard for the
good their presence would do to the
trees, were it not that the fowls must
be kept confined because of the damage
they would do the adjacent garden and
flower beds. The sketch shows a way
to keep one or more flocks of hens in an
orchard. A light, low house, made of
half-inch matched stuff, has a wire run
attached to the end, as shown in the
illustration. The house has no floor.
The eggs are gathered by opening the
hinged board in the end. Low trucks
are attached to the corners so that the
whole can be moved occasionally to a
new location. It can thus be moved up



MOVABLE POULTRY HOUSE.

and down beside the rows of trees,
stopping for a day or two under each
tree, scratching, fertilizing the ground
and destroying insects. The fowls all
do well under such conditions, and their
presence will be of great value to the
orchard. The lower sill of the sides of
the house should continue out and form
the base of the sides of the run.

Some Essentials to Success.

Farming is not a business where the
failure of one adds to the success of
another; on the contrary, the success
of each individual is largely dependent
upon the prosperity of all. The product
from poorly farmed farms is of an in-
ferior quality, for which it is difficult
to find buyers. The best is cheap
enough, and anything of an inferior
quality is not only a drug on the mar-
ket but interferes with the sale of bet-
ter goods. When buyers are looking
for farm produce, they go where they
know they can get the best. The better
the quality of the goods produced, the
more buyers you will have for your
product, and the competition upon the
part of buyers will enable you to get
good prices within easy distance of
your own doors. Every help which
tends in an economical manner to im-
prove the quality of our productions
should be eagerly sought. A well con-
ducted institute, receiving support from

SLAVERY IN ALASKA.

Indians Who Own Other Indians as
Chattels.

The other day a gentleman pointed
out two Indians passing on the street
and remarked: "There goes a slave."
I had heard the statement made that
slavery yet exists among the Alaska
Indians, but it was a surprise to be con-
fronted with an actual remnant of the
institution almost within the shadow
of a federal court house. Of the two
Indians, the slave and his master, to
whom my attention was directed, the
slave was rather the better dressed,
and he was also the more intelligent-
looking. Since then I have observed
the pair several times, generally work-
ing together on some transient job, like
sawing wood, apparently on an even
footing, although the master seems to
do more sitting around. I would judge
from appearances that the slave is the
better contented of the pair, for the
other seems careworn with the respon-
sibility of keeping him at work.

The custom of holding slaves, up to a
few years ago, was very common
among all the tribes. Children stolen
from one tribe by members of another,
and captives taken in battle and their
descendants, were held in bondage. Some
of the wealthier chiefs reclined in
oriental style—as far as compatible
with the fur and fish business—and had
scores of slaves to do their bidding.

Of course, the government has inter-
fered as far as practicable, to put a
stop to the custom. A few years ago
the captain of the Wachusett, acting un-
der instructions from the government,
assembled all the coast tribes within
reach and announced, through inter-
preters, that they must give up their
slaves, and offered to the latter full
protection. Many of the chiefs com-
plied with the order, but there are still
many others who, by threats and
"ghost stories," are able to control their
slaves. The Alaska Indians will un-
flinchingly face many dangers, espe-
cially those of the sea, but they are
particularly afraid of being killed—that
is, by their fellow man—and the chiefs
take advantage of this trait to breed
and train into their slaves the idea that
other Indians, and even whites, will
kill them if they attempt to run away.
This idea, together with the fact that
the slaves are generally kept as much
as possible from contact with the
whites, has served to perpetuate the
custom, and there is still an aggregate
of several hundred Indians held in
bondage.

The Indians are not especially cruel
masters. The condition of slavery
seems to rest lightly on its subjects. The
natives are kinder natured than are
those farther south, and Father Bar-
num, whom I have mentioned above,
tells me that the farther north one
goes the better natured he finds them.
He says that in all of the five years
that he has been among the Innuits of
the Yukon delta, he has never seen a
fight or violent disagreement among
the native people. He thinks that the
climate has something to do with it,
and it may be true, but it would hard-
ly fair to draw the correlative inference
that the best people of the highest cul-
ture will some time be found in the vi-
cinity of the north pole.—Sitka Letter
in the Chicago Record.

Was a Poor Joke.

The serious-faced man approached
the city editor's desk with the impor-
tance of a person who was about to give
an imitation of Napoleon crossing the
Alps. "Would you like to have an in-
teresting item for your paper?" he in-
quired, cautiously.

"That's what we are here for," re-
sponded the city editor, with refresh-
ing naivete. "What have you got?"

"A human freak."

"Are you an agent for a dime mu-
seum?"

"No; this is a genuine thing."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's a man with one-half of his body
black."

"And he is not in a freak show?"

"Of course not; he's a neighbor of
mine. He moved here last week from
Shiawassee County."

"Does he attempt to explain how he
got the color?"

"He never did to me."

"Will he see a reporter?"

"I suppose so. Anyway, I can take
one up with me and introduce him."

This was satisfactory, and the re-
porter was assigned to go with the se-
rious-faced man to see the freak. He
returned in half an hour.

"Well?" inquired the city editor,
when he appeared.

"Didn't see him," answered the re-
porter. "He wasn't at home, but would
be to-night at 7 o'clock. Here's a note
from your friend, though," and the re-
porter delivered a missive. The city
editor read it and banged it down on
the desk. The reporter read it; it was
very brief; it was as follows: "Sir, I
omitted to say to you that the other
half of the man was black, also."—New
York Recorder.

The Gem.

Visitor to Museum—I don't see any-
thing curious about that. What is it?
Manager (enthusiastically)—That,
my dear sir, is the gem of our collection!
It is an apple core given away by the
presidential candidate when he was a
boy.—Buffalo Times.

An Eye for Business.

Laundryman—You want your shirt
laundered both back and front?
Hustling Sam—Yes, sah.
Laundryman—What's that for?
Hustling Sam—Gwine ter sell ad-
vertising space on de back.—Washington
Times.

Women Live Longer.

The statistics of life insurance show
that in the last twenty-five years the
average woman's life has increased
from nearly 42 to nearly 46, or more
than 8 per cent., while man's average
life has increased from nearly 42 to 44,
which is a per cent.

THE DEACON'S DISAPPEARANCE

By WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

"I would not like to take that responsibility either," rejoined I. "Besides the time is not far enough gone for any very serious apprehension. We must wait another day. There is an old saying something to the effect that 'if you want to keep your friends, don't prolong your visit beyond three days, and if you want to be thought not dead, don't be unaccountably absent from home beyond three nights.'"

To this Mr. Girvan agreed, and both of us saw the propriety of visiting the deaconess, who was hour by hour losing hope. We found her in the same position in which I had left her. I noticed that as we entered she turned a wistful eye upon us, with an expression that seemed to speak and say, "Is he not with you?" and there followed that blank look in which the orb seems dead.

There was silence everywhere, as if Angelica had there set up her temple, and the votaries were mute. The children, ignorant of the cause of change in their mother, had been put to bed. The servant whom we saw as we passed the kitchen sat at the fireside hanging her head, as if she mourned the death of a kind master, and no neighbors dared to intrude where they could carry no comfort—a species of kindness this in the people of Scotland which results from a delicacy they get small credit for from those who judge from a rude speech and homely if not coarse manners.

We sat down quietly and gravely, a clear enough indication to her that we brought no hopeful intelligence, nor had we sat many minutes when we came to understand what was the direction of the current of her thoughts. They had been all running toward the conclusion that Angus Macgillivray was in some way connected with the mysterious affair.

"Have you inquired," she asked as she cast her eye over us, "if Angus has been at home yesterday? I could have my marriage ring he's awa, and nae sunner than he should be. Will ye no answer?" she continued in a wailing tone. "Is he in Edinburgh? When was he seen? Can naebody tell?"

I looked to Girvan, for I could not answer without falsehood, and he understood me.

"I have made no inquiry, Margaret," said he, "nor did I think it necessary to go there—the suspicion seems so unnatural. Besides are you not taking on too heavily? This is only the second day."

"The second day!" she burst forth. "And Deacon Macgillivray hasna seen his wife or his bairns nor sent a letter or a message to tell whaur he is. The second day!" she continued in the same wailing strain. "When was it that he was half an hour behind his dinner? And this has taken place in Edinburgh, which is just a lang street, whaur everybody kens everything about everybody."

"Many a longer absence has had a happy explanation," replied her brother. "We have only as yet one fact, and it will just look as you view it. You know peats will build the side of a house as well as make a fire that will burn you."

"But there's nae use buttering peats," cried she impatiently. "I tell you Deacon Macgillivray is dead, and Angus is the man who has made me a widow and my bairns fatherless."

And then came a fit of hysterical sobbing, which we had no means of alleviating. While I looked at her, and of course pitied her, I could not help thinking how completely her suspicion was confirmed by the information I had got, and which I dared not communicate to her. There was enough of sorrow for the hour. And as we saw we could be of no further service that night we left her to that kind of consolation which the heart seeks for itself, and sometimes the more readily and successfully that it is left to itself and to him who is master of the heart and the issues thereof.

Next forenoon I repaired to Girvan's, as arranged between us, in order that together we might make a more thorough search to the effect at least of ascertaining whether the missing man had been seen, and when and where, during the forenoon of his disappearance. On going along I found that the affair had spread, inasmuch indeed that the question, "What has become of Deacon Macgillivray?" belonged now to the public. There was only one solitary grain of news. It appeared that a person of the name of Peter McGlashan, a laborer, who resided in the Cowgate, and whom we saw and interrogated, had been the involuntary cause of some of the theories, but all that could be extracted from him amounted to this, that he had seen Deacon Macgillivray that forenoon hurrying up the High street, and that, having occasion to return, he had met, about 10 minutes later, Angus Macgillivray coming up the bow, the top of which he doubled as if he were going down the High street. One or two others spoke to having seen the brothers respectively on the same route.

It was with minds very ill prepared for a meeting with the deaconess that we betook ourselves about 8 o'clock in the evening to Borthwick's Close. We found the same house of gloom, with the shadows increased in the darkness of these hours, and all appearances betokening utter hopelessness. The hours passed without any better reckoning than the increasing silence in the street and the gathering gloom of the un-snuffed candle till it might be about 11, when a slight knock was heard at the door.

Mrs. Macgillivray started, and we were not less surprised—nay, I have no doubt that all of us had some notion that the visitor might be no other than the deacon himself. The door was opened by the servant; we listened to the step on the passage—tramp—tramp—so like one well known that Girvan ejaculated with a word of spasm, "It's the deacon!" The words were electric. We started up, and even Mrs. Macgillivray sat upright gazing at the door. It opened, and before us stood one of the town

officers with the red neck on his blue coat.

"Here is a bit of paper," said he, "which was brought up to the office about an hour ago."

And Girvan, taking it out of his hand, fixed his eyes upon it as if he were charmed, yet he did not seem to comprehend what he was reading, for although I asked him what it contained he could not utter a word. Mrs. Macgillivray's eye was fixed upon him, and I myself sat with open mouth wondering what ailed the man.

"Can ye no read?" said the officer.

"Read," added I impatiently.

And the same words trembled on the lips of the deaconess.

Out it came at length, and the effect was certainly proportioned to the cause. I took the paper out of his hand and



I took the paper out of his hand, read for myself the following words, dis posed in lines in this manner:

"Deacon Macgillivray, Borthwick's Close, Edinburgh, Killed on the 19th."

The paper was much crumpled, as if it had met with rough usage, and, what added to the effect of the direful words, it was besmeared with blood to such an extent that some of the letters were scarcely legible. I would willingly have kept it from the eyes of the deaconess, but she held out her hand tremblingly to get possession of it, and it was too late to attempt concealment. She read it at a glance, and, as if it had been on fire, threw it from her, unable to utter a word. "Stay a little," said Girvan as he rose and took his hat. "I will be back in 10 minutes." He hurriedly left the room. And I, taking up the paper, began to question the officer as to the person who left it at the bailies' office.

I ascertained that his name was Hugh McPherson, a cobbler who resided in the Cowgate, and that his account of the manner of obtaining it was that he found it among straw on the street right opposite the coach office in the High street, from which the coach to Galashiels started twice a week. It was further stated by McPherson that his opinion was that the paper had fallen from the coach, along with the straw among which it was found. Before I had time to form any opinion as to the real purport and meaning of this sibiline scrap Girvan came again hurriedly into the room, breathing hard, as if he had been running—an effect no doubt due more to his excitement than to his bodily exertion. Laying down his hat, he resumed his seat, and putting his hand into his pocket he drew out another paper something like an account.

"Look at that," said he as he handed it to me.

Glancing over it, I found it to be an account for skins, due by Girvan to Angus Macgillivray, duly discharged.

"What of this?" said I, utterly at a loss to know the meaning of it all.

"Examine the handwriting of the two papers," said he.

I did so and immediately ejaculated, "Why, that blood stained scrap is written by Angus Macgillivray."

"No doubt of it," said Girvan. "I knew it the moment I saw it, but I wanted to make sure work."

"And sure enough it is," replied I, "but what conclusion do you draw from it?"

"I am afraid to mention it," was the reply.

"But I'm no," cried the deaconess in a wild way. "It is just as I thought," she continued as she moved her arms as if to enable her to utter the words, "Angus Macgillivray has murdered my husband."

"But why should he publish the act in his own handwriting?" I rejoined.

"Because the awful man glories in his revenge," she cried again hysterically.

"That hardly squares with human nature," said Girvan. To this I assented, adding that "Angus was not so mad as not only to write his own condemnation, but give the officers of the law a direction to go in pursuit of him."

With all these qualifications, it was impossible to get rid of the direct effect of the words of the paper clearly enough indicating that the deacon had been killed by some one, whether Angus or not. The officer himself seemed to have no doubt, and, as for Mrs. Macgillivray, her former conclusion was only rendered more certain, and the calmness into which she quickly relapsed appeared to be the consequence of resignation to the will of God.

Meanwhile the officer had intimated that the paper was to be preserved and taken up to the office in the morning, with any explanation that could be given of it. He then went away, and late as the hour was we resolved upon seeking out McPherson to ascertain from his own mouth the true circumstances connected with the finding of the extraordinary paper. We accordingly went to the Cowgate, and having found the man, who was on the eve of going to bed, proceeded with our examination. He adhered strictly to what he had stated in the bailies' office, nor had he any more to communicate, but we derived thus much from our visit that we became satisfied the man was honest and was not accessory to any trick or deception whereby some one might have been supposed to have taken advantage of the public fermentation to infuse a new interest into what was already sufficiently engrossing. Girvan took the paper home with him, and we parted with the hope of getting some more light next day.

(To Be Continued.)

WHOLE REGIMENT ON SKATES.

Soldiers of Norway Use Them in Their Winter Evolutions.

Norway, during a considerable portion of the year, is covered with snow, and her winters, which in other countries are of short duration, extend to five or six months, and in the most northern parts to a much longer period. During this time it is impossible to leave the beaten roads, for the purpose, at least, of traveling, and when fresh snow happens to fall even the communication by means of them is stopped until the sledging is able to be continued by means of a machine, which, by being dragged by horses along the road, restores the former track by clearing away the snow in part and flattening and leveling the remainder.

The thinness, however, of the population, widely scattered over such an immense extent of territory, renders it in many places impossible to keep the roads open by these means. It was natural, then, that the Norwegian should devise some mode by which to leave his hut, generally removed from roads, and traverse the forests in various directions with sufficient celerity to follow the chase, his favorite occupation.

For this purpose he devised the skis, or snow skates, which consist of two thin, narrow pieces of fir of unequal lengths, the foremost part being pointed and turned upward.

The longest, which measures about seven feet, is used on the left foot, and the other, which is about two feet shorter, on the right. The latter is called aander, from the right foot being used more than the left, particularly in turning. Both skates are about three inches in width and an inch in thickness in the center, where the foot is placed, which is firmly bound to the side by loops at the side, made of willow or the fiber of fir roots, to which are fastened leather thongs. The skis are smeared with tar or pitch, and the under side is hollowed in the center into a groove to prevent their slipping laterally and to enable the skier, or skater, to keep a straight course.

The arms of the skier were a rifle, to which was attached a broad leather strap passing over the shoulder, and a short sword. He carried with him besides a staff (skestoken) seven feet in length and rather more than an inch in diameter. This, which was held in his right hand, was armed at one end with an iron spike, and above it was placed a circular piece of wood. The use of the former was to penetrate the frozen snow and of the latter to prevent the staff sinking in, giving thus a firm support to the bearer.

The skeistok, or skeistay, as it was called, was likewise, as has been before observed, of considerable use to the skier in enabling him to moderate his speed, make certain wheels and preserve the necessary balance during the descent of steep declivities. The skier, to the skate exercise united that of the ordinary chausseurs, or light troops, of which it constituted a part, and it performed all the duties, differing from them only in marching on skates, which gave it a very great superiority. The skier moved with singular agility, and from the depth of snow were safe from every pursuit of cavalry or infantry.

On the other hand, they could attack the enemy's column on march and harass them incessantly on both sides of the road without incurring any danger to themselves. Cannon shot produced little effect against them, dispersed as they were at the distance of 200 or 300 paces, and their movements were so rapid that at the very instant you would expect to see them a second time they had already disappeared, to reappear again in a quarter where you were not the least aware of them. The real superiority of the skating soldiers, however, was chiefly shown when the enemy halted after a long march. Whatever precautions might then be taken, they were in constant danger from troops which had no occasion for path or road, and traversed with indifference marshes, lakes, rivers and mountains. Even in those parts where the ice was too feeble to bear the weight of a man the skier glided safely over by the mere rapidity of his motion.

Choate's Sympathy.

A tender feeling for the sufferings and misfortunes of the lower animals is a trait which seems quite in keeping with the nature of poets and other sensitive beings; but we do not expect to find it commonly in lawyers and politicians. Rufus Choate, if we may believe a story in "My Literary Two Hundred" by Kate Sanborn, had more sympathy with nature than knowledge of it.

During a summer morning's walk he found a dozen or more dor-beetles sprawling on their backs in the highway, enjoying the warm sunshine. With great care he tipped them all over into a normal position, when a friend coming along, asked curiously, "What are you doing, Mr. Choate?"

"Why, these poor creatures got overturned, and I am helping them to take a fresh start."

"But," said the other, "they do that on purpose. They are sunning themselves, and will go right back as they were."

This was a new idea to the puzzled pleader, but with one of those rare smiles which lit up his sad, dark face so wonderfully, he said:

"Never mind; I've put them right. If they go back, it is at their own risk."

Roof Garden.

She—What in the world is Clarence Elmore frizzing his hair so on top for?

He—I've no idea, unless he has heard that the roof garden idea is very popular in London just now.—Buffalo Times.

By Hair.

"Skinner is a hustler from start to finish; he never does anything by halves."

"Oh, I don't know; he charges 50 per cent. interest."—Detroit News.

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Prove Restful to Wearied Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

New York correspondence:



AUZY stuffs are all the rage in August, and the girl who hasn't a change of transparent gowns ready for this month had better pretend her vacation is over and go back to town. The rule for the remainder of the summer is transparency and frills, pufferies and ribbons, lace insertion, etc., galore—everything, in fact, to make a gown

look as if it were a bit of summer sky caught in a bag of summer cloud, and tied up with some streamers of summer sunset. Ribbon is a great deal used not only for sashes, collars and bows, but more elaborately along the seams of gowns in strap fashion, or at the edge of the dainty surplice front, or sewed down all over a yoke in a design like embroidery. These last two devices are employed in the gown of the first picture, and the use of ribbon in embroidery designs is particularly effective because it is new. Whole bod-



FIVE TYPES OF AUGUST AIRINESS.

ices are beribboned in this way, satin ribbon, in the narrowest width being used. A great many gowns, too, are made with little frills of ribbon at the foot of the skirts, and the frills are usually of contrasting colors. The gauze or transparent material is made slip fashion over a silk skirt and bodice lining, and this skirt is elaborated with a lot of frills, each edged with ribbon, the different ribbons contrasting. Round waists hold their own, and are finished at the belt as this one is with big rosettes, and shirring, puffing



A WINGED PRINCESS GOWN.

and drawing add to the cloud-like look of the transparent grass cloth and lawn, and mull and muslin that is used.

Princess styles are charmingly adapted to transparent materials, and nothing could be lovelier than some of the effects gotten by a transparent tissue over a contrasting silk. In a dress like that of the second sketch the silk seems to be fitted to every line of the figure, and the muslin shows never a seam, all such disfigurements being turned to ornament by a strap finish of ribbon that is feather stitched down. The severity of the princess cut is often prettily relieved by the great fans of lace that top the tight sleeves and spread so that they make almost a cape or jacket finish at the front of the dress. Some of them seem to be epaulettes and fichu combined, and a gown of pink silk cut princess with white tissue drawn loosely over it, and held in place apparently only by the strap-

pling of ribbon along seams and over the lines of the figure, takes on a final touch of dressiness from a great fichu of pink unlined tissue that is drawn into butterflies at the tops of the tight sleeves and that spreads over the bust lines in a foam of fluffiness. Long ends may be added and a scarf effect secured; indeed, this device permits countless modifications. Remember always, if your neck allows, to have the collar mounted by two, three or four rows of crisp tissue frills. These are wired invisibly to hold close to the chin and ear tips, and when at all becoming are bewitching.

We hear a lot about elaboration of the skirt, but the August girl is smart enough to know that if the skirt is only full enough it will serve very well, and that embellishment of the bodice is quite effective. Many pretty notions prevail, all the old ones and lots of new ones. A lot of tricks are making the too slender girl seem plump, and the plump girl seem slender. What do you think, you slender girls, of a bodice that shows a yoke effect softly drawn into a little standing collar, and that is finished by three rows of wide ribbon, the first set about the figure just under the arms. Only the upper edge of the ribbon is fastened, and the ribbon is not fitted to the form. Another width is set just below, its edge showing, and though the round of the figure this takes is smaller than the upper one, still there is no fitting in. A third row below makes a still smaller circle, and below this a ribbon belt fits the figure snugly. The effect of tapering lines from under the arms to the belt is secured, and a notion of plumpness is impressed upon the observer, that, as the plump girl says, is "positive dishonesty." Flaring full bows on the shoulders, just where those "horrid hollows"

TORNADO-PROOF HOUSE.

Revolves on a Pivot and Has a Gigantic Weather-vane.

The tornado-proof house is the latest. The house revolves on a pivot. At the back of it is a huge weather vane, fixed in such a manner that the dwelling must always face the wind. In fact, the whole structure turns with the wind, so that it would necessarily present its front to any "cyclone twister" that might happen to come along.

Out of a sort of porthole in the front of the house looks a cannon. This is the most essential feature of the contrivance, inasmuch as the gun is loaded with an explosive bomb. When the revolving storm-cloud strikes the dwelling the latter turns to face it, and the bomb is automatically discharged into



TORNADO-PROOF HOUSE.

the bowels of the twister, scattering its electrical energy and destroying it. The inventor states that he got his idea from the practice of firing guns from ships at waterspouts which approach dangerously near.

Wish't I Wuz a Gurl.



Wish't I wuz a gurl,
Stid uv bein' a boy,
An' bang my hair, an' eat ice cream,
An' ride ahind my feller's team,
Like gurls duz—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wuz a gurl,
An' when't come Sunday nite
I'd whack that old planner,
Just clean up outen side,
An' I'd marry sum rich feller,
Like gurls duz—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wuz a gurl,
I'd just chaw gum an' talk,
An' when out ter promenade
I'd take up all the walk,
Like some gurls duz—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wuz a gurl,
All boy's good for is't
Ter carry coal an' run odd jobs
An' git off the walk for dudy snobs
Like I did t'other nite—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Wish't I wuz a gurl,
Wish't the Lord made all boys gurls,
An' made gurls boys t'd been the same
An' I'd been Lizzy Ann by name,
An' she'd ben John or Joe stid of Jane,
Wish't be had—
Wish't I wuz a gurl!

Unnecessary.

A Washington Star reporter lately paid a visit to Georgia, where he learned many interesting things about the inhabitants, some of whom, according to his account of the matter, are queer people:

One of the oddest specimens was a bachelor farmer who lived down the road from my place about half a mile. He was an old chap, and about as shiftless as any in the country, and the way he lived was a sight to behold.

One morning as I passed his home I saw him repairing a tumble-down fence and I stopped. All around were apples and pumpkins and other farm products going to waste, and off at a little distance were beech and chestnut trees with nuts in abundance, and nobody paying any attention to them.

"Good morning," says I.

"Howdy," says he.

"You've got a good deal of stuff around here," says I.

"Yes," says he, yanking off a fence rail.

"And it's all going to waste," says I.

"I reckon it is," says he, carelessly.

"You ought to have a wife and children to use it up," says I.

"I don't have to," says he, solemnly.

"I've got hogs."

And that was all the satisfaction I got out of him.

Too Great a Risk.

"You haven't read my new volume of poems yet?"

"No; the fact is, I'm not well, and my doctor has warned me to be careful.—Atlanta Constitution.

No Luck of Tone.

She—What I object to in a boarding house is the lack of tone.

He—Oh, ha! You haven't heard the girl in the next room singing "When Summer Comes Again."—Judy.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

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South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

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